The Outlook

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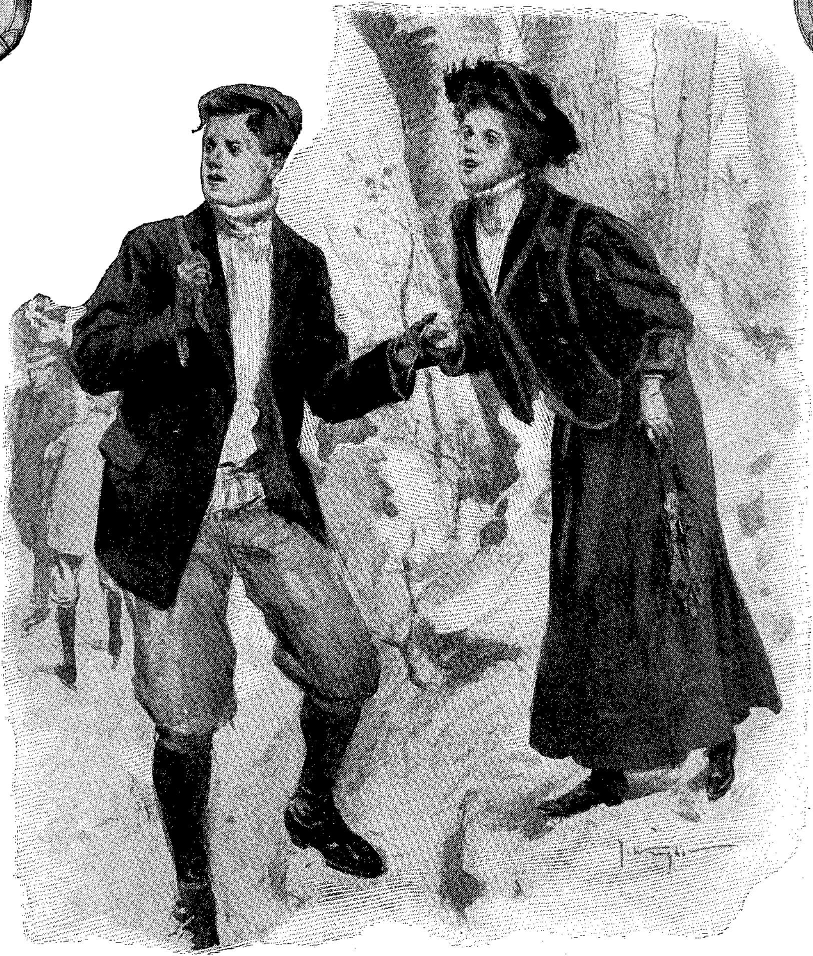

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The Outlook

26 DECEMBER, 1908

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MR. TAFT ON PUBLIC ISSUES

Mr. Taft, who insists that he is not to be called President-elect until the electors have met and formally ratified the action of the people, produced a strong impression on the city of New York in his recent visit. He spoke on four separate occasions, and it was characteristic of him that each speech was an attempt, not to reflect the opinions or win the plaudits of his auditors, but to convey to them with clearness, persuasiveness, and force his convictions on the subjects upon which it might reasonably be anticipated that they would more or less differ from him. In manner he proved himself sometimes a vivacious and always an attractive and forceful speaker. That he has the courage of his convictions every auditor recognizes, but he combats opposing positions without seeming to do so, and seeks victory less by confuting the opinions of others than by substituting his own opinions in their place. The Outlook has already reported his notable speech at the North Carolina State dinner, in which he affirmed the Constitutional and moral right of the States to fix the conditions of suffrage, but also insisted that they were both Constitutionally and morally bound to enforce those conditions on black and white alike without prejudice. In his speech at the dedicatory exercises of the McKinley memorial organ in the Metropolitan (Methodist) Temple he told the story of his appointment as Governor of the Philippines, his reluctance to accept that appointment, the persuasive influence of Mr. McKinley in inducing him to accept it, and his purpose then and now to govern the Filipinos in their own interest and for their own benefit, with the purpose of bringing the Filipinos to a point where they will be able to govern themselves. In his speech before the Civic Federation he declared not only that it is the right of laborers to form trade unions, but that it is desirable for them to do so, and affirmed vigorously that the employer who refuses to deal with organized labor is far behind the times, and does not recognize what must exist for the benefit of labor and is for the general welfare. Responding to a suggestion of a previous speaker that there was a twilight zone between Federal and State jurisdiction, in which it was very difficult to determine the rights and responsibilities of either Government, he recognized plainly that our system of government is a somewhat complex one, but declared his admiration for the Constitution and his belief that the founders made it an instrument of general principles, not of specific rules, and therefore capable of growing with the growth of the Nation. Incidentally he declared his judgment that "one of the greatest dangers to this Republic are the delays and therefore the injustices of our administration of justice, civil and criminal," and his belief that it is desirable to provide a reasonable employers' liability act, both in the Federal and in the State Governments, which will remove damage suits from the courts and provide for compensation to injured laborers under some administrative or quasi-judicial tribunal that will act with celerity.

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MR. TAFT ON TARIFF REVISION

To the Ohio dinner special significance was given by the presence at it of representative members of the Standard Oil Company, including Mr. John D. Rockefeller. Mr. Taft took this occasion to declare that the President is the head of his party and is properly made responsible for what his party does or fails to do; that the country has a right to hold the Republican party responsible for a genuine revision of the tariff upon the principles laid down in its platform; that if the party makes only a sham revision it will suffer the defeat of those who deceive the people. His understanding of the principle laid down in the platform he clearly defined that night and more briefly in a dictated interview the next day:

> The measure of the tariff should be the difference between the cost of production of the article in this country and such cost abroad, and in the estimate of the cost of production abroad and in the estimate of the cost of production here there should be included among other elements what is regarded in each place as a reasonable manufacturer's profit.

What he regarded as a sham revision he made equally clear. It is "taking a decree *pro confesso* against those in the community who cannot appear before the Committee to be heard." He added the significant statement: "It is, therefore, better to have no revision of the tariff and have the bill fail, unless we make it a real and honest revision." From this we deduce the conclusion that any dishonest or sham revision would be vetoed by him. He also took occasion to repeat somewhat more fully what he had said at the Civic Federation dinner, that the Sherman Anti-Trust Act ought not to be repealed, though it ought to be modified. The first of two most significant declarations in this connection was as follows: "We stated in our platform that we proposed to carry out the Roosevelt policy. We propose to do it, and a large portion of the Roosevelt policy is composed of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act." On the other hand, Mr. Taft affirmed that "it will be the business of the Administration to get such construction or amendment of the law as will lay down a rule by which all business men may be guided, in order that they may know where the line is they may not cross." Putting these speeches together, The Outlook ventures to define the purpose of the incoming Administration in the following sentences: On the race question, the right of the States to regulate their own suffrage, provided it is regulated with equal justice to both races; on the colonial question, government of the Filipinos for the purpose of making them self-governing; on the labor question, the right of both labor and capital to organize, subject to governmental supervision and control; on the trust question, enforcement of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, but amendment of that law in the interest of greater clearness; on the tariff question, a real revision, but also a maintenance of the protective system.

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BROWNSVILLE AGAIN

The Brownsville case will not down. It raises its head once more in a special message from the President to the Senate. The message recounts the partial results of an investigation carried on by special agents of the War Department. These agents have discovered the identity of some at least of the actual perpetrators of the "shooting up" of the town of Brownsville, Texas, in August, 1906. Boyd Conyers, one of the discharged privates of Company B of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, told to a detective employed by the Government agents practically the whole story of the raid. His confession definitely confirms what was already established by the whole mass of circumstantial evidence—that the shooting was done by soldiers from the garrison. It indicates also, in the President's words, that "almost all the members of Company B must have been actively concerned in the shooting, either to the extent of being participants or to the extent of virtually encouraging those who were participants. As to Companies C and D, there can be no question that practically every man in them must have had knowledge that the shooting was done by some of the soldiers of B troop, and possibly by one or two others in one of the other troops." It will be remembered that all the members of the battalion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry which consists of Companies B, C, and D were discharged without honor, not as a punishment for having taken part in the raid on the people of the town, but because their evident combination in a conspiracy of silence to protect those who actually took part in the raid rendered them, in the opinion of the Commander-in-Chief of the army, no longer worthy of confidence and therefore of no further use as soldiers. Shortly after the discharge of the battalion the President laid down the requirement that men of the discharged companies who sought re-enlistment must prove that they were not participants in the raid, and that they had not "withheld any evidence that might lead to the discovery of the perpetrators thereof." After the passage of a year, however, discharged soldiers cannot be re-enlisted without action by Congress. The President has for nine months sought to induce Congress to pass a law permitting him to re-enlist innocent members of the battalion. In his present message he says, "I believe we can afford to reinstate any of these men who now truthfully tell what has happened, give all the aid they can to fix the responsibility upon those who are really guilty, and show that they themselves had no guilty knowledge beforehand and were in no way implicated in the affair, save by having knowledge of it afterwards and failing and refusing to divulge it," and he recommends that "a law be passed allowing the Secretary of War, within a fixed period of time, say a year, to reinstate any of these soldiers whom he, after careful examination, finds to have been innocent and whom he finds to have done all in his power to help to bring to justice the guilty." If the Brownsville affair refuses to down, Senator Foraker shows himself more resilient still. He greeted the President's message with incredulity, and said of the soldiers of the battalion, "This is the sixth time they have been put on trial, and five times they have been acquitted, in my opinion." It is true that the Brownsville affair has been investigated five times before this (the last time by the Senate Committee on Military Affairs); but each time, in the opinion of those making the investigation, the guilt of the soldiers was established. He demands an investigation by a board of retired army officers, whose members he names in an amendment to his previous bill dealing with this matter. This makes the second provision of more than doubtful constitutionality which he is urging Congress to enact on this subject. It is not the President who is keeping out of the army the men of the battalion who had no active part in the raid. It is the "friend of the negro," Senator Foraker. The negro should pray to be delivered from such friends. Congress should join the President in real friendship for these negro soldiers by passing the legislation he asks for.

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THE RIGHT TO A GOOD NAME

It is announced that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has caused criminal proceedings to be brought against The American, Mr. Hearst's paper, for libel in charging him with having initiated a peonage system in connection with the plant of "The Associated Building Trades of Cook County," Illinois. In this case it is difficult to apply the principle that "every man is to be presumed innocent until he is proved guilty," for if we presume that The American is innocent, we must assume that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is guilty, and the past history of the two parties would lead any reasonable man to the opposite conclusion. But we are very glad that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., has had the courage to initiate these criminal proceedings, and so fulfill a duty which has long been neglected in the community, and which probably can be fulfilled effectively only by a man of wealth. It is high time for the American people to recognize that "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" is a part of the moral law; that reputation is a valued possession, which it is the duty of the community to protect; that they do not sufficiently protect it if they simply leave a man who has been robbed of his reputation to bring a suit for damages; that to rob a man of his reputation is a crime against the community as well as against the individual; and that it is the duty of the community to punish it. Whether The American has committed this crime is a question for the courts to determine. We do not prejudge this case in saying that we believe that it would be a great advantage to the American people if an editor and publisher of a libelous newspaper could be put behind prison bars, and so the conviction could be brought home to irresponsible journalists that liberty of the press does not mean liberty maliciously to vilify any private citizen or public official who happens to have aroused the hostility of the newspaper, or whose vilification appears to the editor to have a commercial value.

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COMMERCE AND LABOR A SUGGESTIVE REPORT In the sixth annual report of the Department of Commerce and Labor, just presented by Secretary Straus, it is stated that the sale to the public of certain pamphlets connected with the Census Bureau has been successful, and Mr. Straus expresses the belief "that the plan can be advantageously extended to other official publications. . . . It would be following the precedent of a number of European Governments. The waste and extravagance which have long marked the printing for the Government can never be eradicated until the bulk of its publications are sold at a price fixed in accordance with the actual cost of production. . . . Under this plan the circulation of this class of publications would be confined to the persons who have actual need for them." This is an admirable suggestion, which confirms The Outlook in its belief, often expressed before, that a list of Government publications might be posted in every post-office in the country, with the prices of each given, and that postmasters might be authorized to receive orders from individual readers and purchasers. A publication which under this system might be very much more widely read than it is likely to be under the present system is Mr. Straus's valuable and interesting report. The Department of Commerce and Labor deals with all questions of immigration; with the naturalization of immigrants; with the regulation of corporations in so far as the Federal Government has the power to regulate; with problems of labor as they concern both the employer and the wage-worker; with statistics of commerce both domestic and foreign; with steamboat inspection; with the maintenance of lighthouses; with the commercial as well as the scientific development of the fishery resources of the country; with the Coast Survey, without whose charts and tidal tables the innumerable fleet of coasting schooners and small fishermen in our Pacific as well as in our Atlantic waters could not ply their important trade; and, last but not least, with the Bureau of the Census, which is of itself a gigantic work, supplying information of value to the entire world. We venture to say that the most ardent Jeffersonian Individualist that ever lived, if placed in a thirty-foot fishing sloop in a gale of wind on Penobscot Bay, of the State of Maine, would be glad that there is enough centralized and paternalistic power in the Federal Government to provide the necessary charts and buoys to enable him to get into a safe harbor. The limits of space prohibit more than a few allusions to points of special interest here and there in Secretary Straus's report. The statistics of the department indicate that immigration follows pretty closely the law of supply and demand. In 1907 there were one million more immigrants than emigrants; in 1908 there were only two hundred thousand more aliens who came into the country than who left it; that is to say, in 1907 there were 1,438,469 alien arrivals and 431,306 alien departures, while in 1908 there were only 924,695 arrivals and 714,828 departures—a greater number of emigrants than is previously recorded in the history of the country. This tidal flow of immigration clearly follows industrial conditions. Mr. Straus reports that during the last year one hundred special agents, under the authority of Congress, have been investigating the condition of women and children wage-earners of the United States. The report of this investigation, when it is made, must inevitably have great influence upon private social philanthropy, as well as upon labor legislation. Mr. Straus advocates a greater legal liability of employers for injuries to their employees, and legislation which shall improve "the unfavorable environment in which the workers in many industries must carry on their toil." No man can read such a report as this and not be impressed with the fact that the Federal Government is doing an immense amount of constructive work for the benefit of its citizens. The Outlook ventures to make one suggestion concerning the statistical bureau of the Department of Commerce and Labor. Many cotton planters of the South complain, we think justly, that the crop statistics published by the Department of Agriculture on a specified day materially aid cotton buyers to fix the price of that staple. Would it be impracticable for the Bureau of Commerce and Labor to issue statistics on the same day which would give the planter some idea of the amount of cotton of former crops in warehouses and stock-rooms available for manufacture? The price could then be fixed by both parties to the bargain with some accurate knowledge as to both demand and supply, whereas it is now determined very largely by one party on the basis of supply only.

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JAMES WILSON'S TWELVE YEARS' WORK

Seldom does a Cabinet Minister remain in a particular office long enough to present a twelfth annual report. Yet that is the achievement of Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture. He is the sole survivor of the McKinley Cabinet. Our agricultural production for the year 1908 is above the average, the production of hay, sugar, and rice being the largest on record. The total value of the year's farm products has risen to $7,778,000,000, four per cent above last year's, and four times the value of our mining products. Farm products comprise crops and animal products. In computing the first we find that corn represents one-third of the total; cotton, hay, and wheat one-third, and the rest one-third; that corn is now followed by cotton, not by hay, which has long held second place; that the other cereals in order are wheat, oats, barley, rye, rice, and buckwheat. The year 1908 leads all former years in the value of all the cereals, of potatoes, sugar, and tobacco. Three-eighths of the value of farm products is represented by animals, sold and slaughtered, and by animal products at the farm. We hardly realize that eggs and poultry are worth as much as the cotton crop itself. This certainly represents a great change during the twelve years, not so much in these special products as in the methods of dairying and of meat inspection, due to the Department's diligence. There has also been a change during those years from low to profitable crop-prices—a dozen years ago corn was selling at 21 cents per bushel! Again, there has been a great change in the varieties of crops, this also due to the Department's agents, who have been constantly traversing foreign lands in search of promising seeds and plants for possible introduction here; for instance, some years ago durum wheat was brought from Russia and Africa; now its crop in America is worth more than $30,000,000 to the farmers; furthermore, so great has become the production of alfalfa, an introduced hay-plant, that its crop this year means $100,000,000. The Department has also increased the farmer's profits by millions because of its warfare against the pests which have hitherto destroyed crops. An even greater gain has been the Department's placing the American farm on a sounder scientific basis. Numerous long-time experiments on farms controlled by the Department are under way to determine crop rotation and other methods of management which will be most profitable and best adapted to family and other available labor. Thus, in information, intelligence, and industry the farmers have been immeasurably fortified. The fact that the Department of Agriculture is only twenty years old and yet that it is regarded by the country as one of the indispensable instruments of the Government's constructive activity is the strongest testimonial to the efficiency of Secretary Wilson, who has directed the Department for more than half its existence.

* * *

AN EXTENSION OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

President Roosevelt has taken another important step in the complete reclamation of administrative offices under the Government from the hands of the spoiler. More than fifteen thousand of the fifty-five thousand fourth-class postmasters in the United States are to be brought under the Civil Service law, and as soon as the machinery of organization is perfected, and the new order of things is working efficiently, it is expected that all the remaining postmasters in the same class will be brought under the operation of that law. Under the new arrangement every fourth-class post-office east of Missouri and north of the Ohio River is taken out of the region of spoils and put on a business basis. This section is selected because the machinery for postal examination exists throughout the entire territory, under the direction of the Civil Service Commission. This extension of the Civil Service law is the result of very careful study of the situation. The President-elect is in entire harmony with the President in regard to this onward movement. The end of the old, un-American, and unintelligent system of awarding offices for political service is now in sight, after a generation of fierce resistance on the part of the politicians of the old school. The change will bring as great a relief to Congressmen as to postmasters; for patronage has been the constant source of disaster to public men as well as to political parties, and solicitations for office and the examination of the claims of rival candidates have taken time and strength which belong to the public service. The distribution of spoils, to which some politicians have clung with such intensity of purpose, has really been an almost intolerable burden to every representative who cared for public business and did not regard himself as the errand-boy of his constituents. The fourth-class postmasters included in the operation of the new rule will be required to secure the signature of bona-fide patrons of the office, to furnish bond, and to satisfy the Civil Service Commissioners that they are equal to all the requirements of the office before taking the examination for postmasterships. Another beneficent result will be to bring additional postmasters under the supervision of the Civil Service Commission, which will promptly and thoroughly restrict their political activities and direct their energies to the business of the office they hold. The time has now come when practically the entire body of men who fill administrative offices of the Government should be detached from the vicissitudes of politics and able to devote themselves with businesslike efficiency to their duties.

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OUR POORLY PAID JUDGES

The Lord High Chancellor of England, who holds the greatest judgeship in the gift of the Crown, is paid $50,000 a year; the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who holds the highest judgeship in the United States, receives $13,000 a year. The judge of the Court of Appeals in Ireland is paid $30,000 annually, while our United States Circuit Court judges are paid $7,000. Justices of the King's Bench in England have an annual salary of $25,000, while the salary of the United States District Court judges is $6,000. With the exception of the State of New York, where certain judges of the Supreme Court are paid a special salary, the highest payment to State judges is $10,000, made by Illinois and New Jersey to their Chief Justices. Oregon, one of the rich, certainly one of the proudest, States of the West, has the unenviable distinction of paying her Chief Justice the lowest annual salary on the list, $2,000. Nebraska, another rich State, comes next with $2,500; Wyoming, Vermont, Utah, South Dakota, North Carolina, New Mexico, Idaho, Georgia, Florida, Arkansas, and Arizona each pay their Chief Justices $3,000; three or four other States pay $5,000, while Pennsylvania, Michigan, Massachusetts, and California pay $8,000 or $8,500. These facts and many kindred ones are brought out in a pamphlet issued by a committee which has been formed in the city of New York to arouse public opinion in behalf of higher judicial salaries in the courts of both the States and the United States. The committee includes such representatives of the New York Bar as ex-Senator Spooner, ex-Representative Littlefield, and Henry W. Taft, Esq., brother of the President-elect. It appears to us that no reasonable man can deny two propositions regarding judicial salaries in this country. First, the unjust inequalities that exist. That the Chief Justice of Oregon is paid two thousand dollars, while the Chief Justice of Maine receives five thousand dollars, is the clearest indication that no sensible principle of due compensation has been followed in fixing judicial salaries. Second, the inadequacy of payment for the service demanded. We rightly ask that our judges shall be men of first-class professional attainments, of the strictest honor, and of a practical wisdom at least equal, if not superior, to that of the men of business whose affairs they are frequently called upon to settle. Judges of the United States Courts often must render decisions involving millions of dollars. We do not assert that judges should be paid salaries equal in amount to the incomes they could earn by private practice of law, although there are good grounds for applying this standard of measure to judicial salaries. But they certainly ought to be paid sufficient salaries to free them from the harassing interference of petty economies and to enable them to give their sole attention with dignity and comfort to the demands of their judicial duty. This is a matter which deserves immediate Congressional attention and action. As to State judicial salaries, Oregon is not the only State that ought to be ashamed of the sweatshop methods it pursues in the treatment of its judges.

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THE POWER OF THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION

The decision of the United States Supreme Court last week in the cases relating to Mr. E. H. Harriman and Mr. Otto Kahn was important, not because, as some have hastily concluded, it approved speculative ownership by a railway of the securities of other railways, nor because it even remotely upheld the right of an officer of a railway to make money by selling such stock to his own company at a high price. The decision, in point of fact, has no such intimation or bearing. Its importance lies in its apparent inclination to limit the functions and power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. It will be remembered that Mr. Harriman and Mr. Kahn, witnesses in a hearing before the Commission, refused to answer such questions as whether, for instance, Mr. Harriman owned any part of a block of 103,401 shares of the preferred stock of the Chicago and Alton Railway Company, which had been deposited with Kuhn, Loeb & Co., bankers (Mr. Kahn being connected with that company), under an agreement authorizing the bankers to sell to any purchaser at such terms as should be approved by three men, one of whom was Mr. Harriman himself. It is admitted that this stock was bought by the Union Pacific Railway, of which Mr. Harriman is President, and, on the other hand, it is admitted or assumed that, under the laws of Utah, in which State the Union Pacific is incorporated, that railway has power to purchase the stock of other railways. This question, and similar ones, Mr. Harriman and Mr. Kahn flatly refused to answer. Now, the Supreme Court, in declining to sustain an order of the Circuit Court directing that these questions should be answered, does not at all assert or indicate that the questions might not be perfectly proper, and that answers to them might not be required and enforced by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, under fit circumstances. But the Court holds that this particular investigation was "a general inquiry, started by the Commission of its own motion, not an investigation upon complaint, or of some specific matter that might be made the object of a complaint." This point is upheld by quoting the language of the order under which the investigation was instituted. Certainly the wording of the order was very broad; it expressed the intention of the Commission to inform itself about consolidation and combination of carriers, without naming any individual corporation. The Supreme Court, in brief, indicates that in such an investigation the Commission cannot compel, although it may request, witnesses to divulge the secrets of their business transactions. We judge that this interpretation of the functions of the Commission by the Supreme Court will, in the future, serve as a guide to the Commission's methods of procedure rather than as a limitation to its power. It is to be noted that three of the Justices of the Supreme Court dissented from even this restriction on the Commission, and Justice Day argued forcibly against it as "too narrow a construction." The opinion of the majority, and therefore the opinion of the Supreme Court, was delivered by Mr. Justice Holmes, four Justices concurring.

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THE METHODS OF WALL STREET

That the inquiry instituted by Governor Hughes as to Wall Street usages will be fair and reasonable as well as thorough is assured, we think, by the names of the men composing the committee. These nine men, named by Governor Hughes, without exception have the respect of the community at large; they are bankers, economists, and business men, all accustomed to deal with financial or other public questions, all free from petty personal motives or prejudice, and all of the highest repute as to character. The composition of such a committee is so important that we give it here, as published with a word or two of explanation in the New York Times:

> Horace White, author and editor; Charles A. Schieren, merchant, formerly Mayor of Brooklyn; David Leventritt, former Justice of the Supreme Court; Clark Williams, State Superintendent of Banking; John B. Clark, Professor of Political Economy in Columbia University; Willard V. King, banker, President Columbia Trust Company; Samuel H. Ordway, lawyer, New York; Edward D. Page, member of the firm of Faulkner, Page & Co.; and Charles Sprague Smith, Director of the People's Institute—all of New York City.

Governor Hughes's letter asking these gentlemen to act—and, by the way, they serve without pay, and, as we understand it, also without provision for expenses incurred—states with quiet moderation the reason and purpose of such an inquiry. These are, in brief, that "illegitimate actions may be prevented, and legitimate business safeguarded." More specifically, the committee is requested to collate facts, receive suggestions, and make recommendations bearing on this important question: "What changes, if any, are advisable in the laws of the State bearing upon speculation in securities and commodities or relating to the protection of investors, or with regard to the instrumentalities and organizations used in dealing in securities and commodities which are the subject of speculation?" Furthermore, Governor Hughes admirably characterizes the proper method of such an inquiry by saying: "We should neither threaten business stability by ill-considered measures nor, on the other hand, invite agitation or impair confidence by ignoring abuses and by failing to provide suitable correction." Both the banking community and the public at large have welcomed the proposed inquiry. The conservative Wall Street men admit that abuses exist, and distinguish between what may be called legitimate speculation and stock-gambling pure and simple. The officers of the Stock Exchange and a large proportion of the members are earnest in wishing to see such abuses as "wash sales" and "matched orders" put a stop to if possible, and while they are probably less sanguine as to the possibility or desirability of distinguishing between proper deals for future delivery and those margin "sales" which are really nothing more than betting whether the price of a stock will go up or down, they will doubtless consider with respect any suggestions on this head which may occur to the committee.

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THE BRITISH PREMIER'S POLICY

Mr. Asquith, the British Premier, has been urged by his antagonists of late to resign; but resignation is not a familiar word in his vocabulary. During the last three years there have been a large number of by-elections; but of these only forty-five have involved contests between Liberals and Unionists. In thirty-five there was no political change; in nine there were Unionist gains. The New York Tribune estimates that in these districts a Liberal gross majority of 54,451 has been changed to a Unionist majority of 6,819. It would be unwise to infer from these figures that a general election would result in a defeat of the Government, but it indicates that there is a current of opinion running against the Ministry. Mr. Asquith is nothing if not aggressive and courageous. It is apparently his view that the policy of the Liberal party must be to force an issue with the House of Lords. Instead of dissolving and appealing to the country, the Prime Minister proposes to force the issue by presenting bill after bill which the Lords will reject, and so rapidly developing strong public opinion for some modification of the construction and power of the Upper House. It is understood that the new budget, which of course belongs entirely within the province of the House of Commons, will provide for a largely increased revenue, necessitated by the Old Age Pension Act and various other rather radical measures. It is even suggested that a real tax may be imposed on land in place of the purely formal tax which has been imposed for several generations. If the House of Lords throws out the budget, the Government would have a prime cause of action against it; and the Prime Minister would then probably dissolve Parliament and make the appeal to the country under the best possible conditions for Liberal success.

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THE HOUSE OF LORDS

The Lords themselves have wisely appointed a select committee to suggest a plan for the reformation of the House. The report of this committee has just been made public. It recommends that the possession of a peerage shall not of itself give the right to sit and vote in the House, and that qualifications should be made the main test for admission; that all hereditary peers be formed into an electoral body, for the purpose of electing two hundred of their number to sit and vote as "Lords of Parliament," not for life, but for a single Parliament; that the spiritual Lords of Parliament—that is to say, the bishops and archbishops—of whom there are twenty-six, be reduced to ten, to be elected by the bishops (two archbishops sitting during the tenure of their office, and the other eight for the duration of each Parliament); that Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa be represented in the House of Lords; that a number of hereditary peers, estimated at one hundred and thirty, possessing certain qualifications, should sit without the necessity of election, this number to include men who have held the post of Cabinet Minister, Viceroy, Governor-General of Canada, and Governor of the larger colonies, and naval and military officers of high rank; also that twenty years' service in the House of Commons shall entitle an Irish peer to a seat among the peers. Under this plan the new House of Lords, which now numbers six hundred and seventeen, would be reduced to about three hundred and fifty members, divided somewhat as follows: Three peers of the blood royal; two hundred peers to be elected; about one hundred and thirty to be admitted for special reasons; ten bishops and five judges. The committee expressed the conviction that the party in power in the House of Commons should be able to count on a substantial following in the House of Lords, but they make no recommendations. This report is very definite evidence of the fact that the House of Lords has taken serious notice of the agitation for change in its organization, and that it very wisely proposes to reorganize itself, and in this way possibly forestall still more radical reformation.

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CHINESE AS PEACEMAKERS

Sir Robert Hart, one of the group of high-class public servants which England maintains in different parts of the world, whose long residence and entire familiarity with the habits of thought and point of view of the Chinese entitle his opinion to the highest respect, has recently made a striking and interesting prediction in regard to that country. He says that the Chinese are a perfectly reasonable people. This is confirmed by the entire body of their literature, their religious teaching, their ethics, and their education. They hate war, and they resent the supposed necessity of becoming a nation of soldiers. Their attitude, according to Sir Robert Hart, as reported in the New York Sun, is, "If right is right, it ought to be recognized by everybody, and we ought not to be required to fight to support it." Conditions at present make it necessary that they hold their ground against foreign competition, which is very powerful by reason of the use of labor-saving appliances, and which is pressing as the result of the improvement of the means of communication and transportation. They are studying Western ethics and Western science in order to put themselves on a level with the Western world in efficiency. The population numbers some four hundred millions. In the course of time this vast mass of people may become as strong in arms, individually and nationally, as any great European power. Then what would happen? The sensational newspapers and the bellicose Western soldiers and statesmen answer, "The Yellow Peril in its most appalling form." Sir Robert Hart declares that China would then turn to the world and say, "There must be no more fighting." And the Chinese would be able to say this with decisive authority, because they would be in a condition to throw an unparalleled force of arms with any country attacked, and against the country that made war, and by this very simple and effective method end the whole business of war and inaugurate the reign of peace. This prediction is well worth the consideration of sanguinary editors, breeders of race antagonisms, and military men who live in constant apprehension of the Yellow Peril.

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THE TURKISH PARLIAMENT MEETS PEACEFULLY

Last week at Constantinople the Turkish Parliament was opened with much ceremony. It marks the real beginning of constitutional government in Turkey. Though, last July, the Sultan formally assented to the re-establishment of the constitution of 1876, the friends of liberty in Turkey did not feel sure concerning the future. The forces of reaction are strong, and only wait for some unwise step on the part of the Young Turks, now in power, again to seize the Government. The most picturesque event of last week was the coming of the Sultan, Abdul Hamid II, openly to meet his subjects on this auspicious occasion. Through the efforts of the new and liberal Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, his Majesty traveled by the road which passes through the European quarter. Thus the sovereign was brought into direct contact with the masses, instead of, as was first proposed, making a trip by water. The historic connection between the old constitution of to-day and that of thirty years ago was emphasized by the assembling of the new legislature in the same building, facing the Square of Saint Sophia, in which the short-lived Parliament of 1877 assembled. Among the two hundred deputies and senators present the various creeds and races of the Turkish Empire were represented, as was indicated by the varying costumes from the Oriental flowing silk robe to the European frock coat. The Mohammedan representatives included chiefly Turks, Albanians, Syrians, and Arabs; the Christian representatives included Macedonians, Bulgars, Greeks, and Armenians. An idea of the great extent of the Turkish Empire was also evident when members from the European provinces of Turkey were to be seen talking with their colleagues from Mecca and Medina in the Red Sea Districts, or from the Kurdish districts on the Persian border, or the Arab districts on the confines of the Indian Ocean. After the Sultan had opened Parliament, he returned to his palace, Yildiz Kiosk, by the same route along which he came, and, as before, was enthusiastically cheered by enormous crowds. The entire line of march, a distance of five miles, had been swept and spread with fresh sand for the passage of his Majesty. Triumphal arches spanned the streets, and the occasion was made a public holiday. The most remarkable feature of the crowd was the great number of women present among the spectators filling the windows and balconies. It is a pleasure to add that, on the opening day of the new Parliament, a resolution directing that best wishes and congratulations be sent to it was passed by both houses of Congress at Washington. A similar resolution was unanimously adopted by the Italian Parliament. On the day before, only a group of reactionaries unsuccessfully opposed the resolution of the Russian Duma to congratulate the Turkish Parliament. No better illustration could be furnished of the spirit which still exists in some Russian official circles of determined and bigoted antagonism to constitutional and democratic forms of government. But first in the field was the congratulatory address from Premier Asquith, former Premier Balfour, Foreign Secretary Grey, and three hundred and fifty other members of the House of Commons. The address was appropriately headed, "From the Oldest of Parliaments to the Youngest."

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AN OUTCAST AMONG NATIONS

The condition of Venezuela is both pitiable and paradoxical. Her ruler, Castro, believed by all who are not dependent upon him to be corrupt personally and a reckless tyrant as well, has left Venezuela and is now living with ostentatious extravagance in Berlin. Whether he has gone there, as he asserts, for medical treatment, or whether he hoped to obtain diplomatic intervention and assistance from Germany, or whether, as many assert, he has left Venezuela forever, taking with him an enormous and ill-gotten fortune, is an open and debatable question. Meanwhile, his country is without diplomatic intercourse of a direct kind with the United States, France, Holland, Italy, and, we think, Great Britain. Last week the dispute with Holland culminated in the seizure by Dutch war-ships of two small vessels belonging to the Venezuelan navy, and this was followed by the establishment of a blockade against the Venezuelan coast. News from Caracas has been meager and not to be depended upon, so that uncertainty still exists, as we write, about the truth of a report that there has been a rising in the capital of those who are opposed to Castro, and that the houses of some of his best-known adherents have been looted. Surprise has been expressed in Washington at this report, as it was thought that the action of Holland might have a tendency to produce an anti-foreign excitement which would strengthen Castro's hold on the country. The Vice-President, Gomez, according to the same report, promptly put down the rioting, and declared the country in a state of defense as against Holland. Actual war between the two countries would present many absurdities, as Venezeula has no navy of the slightest consequence, while, on the other hand, the Venezuelan Government, in case of war, would retreat to the mountain regions, quite inaccessible to an enemy, where the real strength and wealth of the country lie, and would have little regret at abandoning the ports where the custom duties are already being collected under foreign supervision and to meet foreign claims. If it were not for Venezuela's repeated insults to almost all foreign countries, one would be inclined to regard the action of Holland as not really justified. It is certain that faults exist on both sides. The real cause of the hostility is a decree issued by Castro last spring which forbade transshipment of goods bound for some parts of Venezuela at Willemstad, on the island of Curaçao, belonging to Holland. This was a severe blow to the trade interests of this Dutch colony, but apparently was not an illegal or hostile act. The Dutch Minister at Caracas wrote what Holland now admits to have been an insulting and undiplomatic letter, and he was promptly expelled from the country. The Dutch Government admits that Castro was not bound to retain the Minister, but resents the fact that his passports were sent to him directly, and that he was compelled to leave the country at once; whereas, as it is claimed, the Venezuelan Government should have notified the Dutch Government that the Minister was no longer *persona grata*, and ask that he be recalled. Castro has, on his side, a claim against the Dutch because of the attack by a mob upon the Venezuelan Consul in Willemstad; to which the Dutch reply that the victim of the mob had never been formally accepted as a consul. All these quarrels should not ordinarily be regarded as just cause for war, but Holland is really assuming informally the task of acting in behalf of all the nations which have been insulted and injured, in one way or another, by Castro's arbitrary and vicious government.

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THE NOBEL PRIZES

On December 10, the anniversary of the death of Alfred Bernhard Nobel, the Swedish engineer, who died in 1896, the awards of this year's Nobel prizes were announced. They are the fifth in succession of the prizes established by this philanthropist. Five prizes are awarded each year for the most important discoveries in physics, in chemistry, and in physiology or medicine; also for the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency in the field of literature; finally, for the best effort toward the fraternity of nations and the promotion of peace. The four first-named prizes are awarded by institutions at Stockholm, the Swedish capital; but the peace prize is awarded by a committee of five persons elected by the Norwegian Storthing, or Parliament, at Christiania, the Norwegian capital. Professor Gabriel Lippmann, of the University of Paris, who secures the prize in physics, is a devotee of both optics and acoustics; he is best known as the inventor of a system of color-photography. Professor Ernest Rutherford, of the University of Manchester, England, formerly of McGill University, Montreal, who secures the chemistry prize, is well known for his investigations in radio-activity. The prize for physiology and medicine is divided between Professor Elie Metchnikoff, of Paris, and Professor Paul Ehrlich, of Frankfort; of the two, the Frenchman is the better known. He was a disciple of Pasteur, and is now the head of the Pasteur Institute at Paris. He has devoted much time to bacteriological research; but his name has latterly been more frequently mentioned in connection with his studies of the possibility of postponing old age; he believes that man's life may be prolonged, by right living, to a hundred and forty years. Professor Ehrlich, now at the head of an experimental therapeutic institution at Berlin, has directed his investigations to a warfare on tuberculosis, diphtheria, and other diseases. The award of the prize for literature was somewhat of a surprise, inasmuch as Dr. Rudolf Eucken, of Jena, its recipient, has written rather on philology and philosophy than on idealistic literature. The peace prize is divided between a Dane and a Swede, namely, Messrs. Arnoldsen and Bajer—a graceful act for a Norwegian committee. With the possible exception of Professor Metchnikoff, there is not a name in this list of Nobel prize winners that has an international popular reputation. In this respect the list is unlike that of last year, when Mr. Kipling took the prize in literature, or the year before, when to President Roosevelt the prize for the promotion of peace was awarded.

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THE OPIUM EVIL The recent raid on what is known as an opium joint, situated in a fashionable residence section in New York City, calls attention to the increasing use of smoking opium in this country. There are two kinds of opium, smoking opium and that used for medicinal purposes. The Chinese Government recently announced its withdrawal of the monopoly system in selling smoking opium and its substitution therefor of the licensing system. China is the great market for opium. About six-sevenths of the Chinese opium supply is home-grown. The Chinese Government has always been more or less aware that the smoking of opium destroys not only individual lives but national manhood. In 1842 its efforts to suppress the evil brought about the first war between China and Great Britain. Last year the Government suddenly showed new energy in the matter. It issued an edict having as its purpose the suppression within ten years of the growth and consumption of opium in China. The great British possession of India is chiefly interested in the export, not the use, of opium. In 1901 the Secretary of State for India announced that the British Government would co-operate in any scheme put forward in good faith by the Chinese Government. Coincidently, therefore, with the Chinese Government's edict last year, the British Government co-operated in the reform, promising to restrict by one-tenth each year for three years the amount of opium exported from India. Further restriction of export after that year is to depend upon whether, in the interval, China has effected a similar proportional reduction in her own opium production and consumption. If she has, then the

British Government is prepared to proceed with equal pace. Thus the steps taken by the two Governments, if continued, will mean that the tenth annual reduction and restriction should bring the production and export of smoking opium to the vanishing point so far as the two principal producers are concerned—China and India. In Japan a law, kept to the letter, forbids the importation, possession, and use of opium, except as medicine, under a penalty of seven years' imprisonment for the sale of opium and of three years' imprisonment for smoking or eating it.

OPIUM IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

The prohibitory system in effect on the Japanese mainland has now been followed by Canada in a law passed by the Dominion Parliament last summer prohibiting the importation, manufacture, and sale of crude opium, white opium, and opium prepared for smoking, under penalties of three years' imprisonment or a thousand-dollar fine, or both, for each offense. It may seem to some that the countries of the Western Hemisphere have little cause for alarm compared with those of the Orient. But amounts of smoking opium are consumed in Canada and the United States which would appall any one who thinks that the habit is confined to the Chinese only. In the cities of British Columbia receipts for the product at opium factories are estimated at $650,000. These factories had been importing crude opium from India in cocoanut shells, then, by the process of boiling, manufacturing it into a product which is labeled "prepared for smoking." While the owners asserted that all the opium manufactured was consumed in Canada, it is believed that much has been smuggled into our own Pacific Coast cities. The raid mentioned in the preceding paragraph shows that the evil is not confined to the Pacific Coast. It has, of course, long existed in our Philippine possessions. Under the old Spanish law the right to sell opium for smoking and other purposes was farmed out in various provinces to a wholesale dealer who purchased the privilege at public auction. Five years ago the Philippine Commission appointed a committee of three members to consider the problem. One of these members was the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent, D.D., Episcopal Bishop of the Philippine Islands. Its investigation had two results—the influence on China as seen from the foregoing, and the adoption by our Congress of an act fixing a duty on the importation of opium into the Philippine Islands, and providing that after March 1, 1908, it should be unlawful for any one except the Government to import into the islands opium in any form. The Government could import the drug for medicinal purposes only, and at no time should it be lawful to sell opium to any native except for medicinal purposes. In the United States, the act of 1887 forbids the importation of opium by the Chinese, and forbids trafficking in opium in China by our citizens. By the act of 1890 such opium as is manufactured in the United States is to be manufactured under the supervision of Government agents and by American citizens only. But the existence of the evil in this country shows that more drastic legislation is needed.

FUTURE ACTION

It is to be hoped that Congress will pass a law prohibiting the importation of smoking opium. The regulation of the use of opium for medicinal purposes can be left to later legislation. On the question of smoking opium, however, all judges are agreed; it is not like the question whether any use of alcohol as a beverage is legitimate, on which judges differ. A special reason for early legislation is found in the fact that, on the initiative of our Department of State, taken last winter, all the nations practically interested in the opium question are to send representatives to meet for conference at Shanghai, China, on January 1, 1909. Our Commission consists of Bishop Brent, Dr. Hamilton Wright, an authority on tropical diseases, and Dr. C. D. Tenney, the accomplished interpreter of the American Legation at Peking, the Chinese capital. When the Commission was appointed, few realized the extent of the opium evil in this country; indeed, our main purpose in calling the nations of the world together for a conference was to lessen a curse which had gained a firm foothold in the Far East only, and incidentally to furnish China with another proof of our friendliness. No sooner, however, had the one Commissioner resident in America, Dr. Wright, begun his labors than he discovered the appalling extent of the opium evil. Last year no less than one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of smoking opium were imported into the United States. This is doubly astonishing when we realize that our Chinese population, originally small, has either remained stationary or has decreased. The amount is again significant when we realize that of crude opium imported for medicinal purposes about seventy thousand pounds would supply the country's legitimate need. The immediate attention of Congress, therefore, should be given to this subject.

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AMERICANS AT OXFORD

If reports are to be trusted, very few of the American scholars who are holding the Cecil Rhodes Scholarships in Oxford, England, have made their mark as scholars. Of forty-three who entered four years ago, only four entered the final Honor School; and of these four one was given a first class, and two others received second and third. Of thirty-eight men who entered the following year, 1905, two received third class honors. American readers will remember that the great majority of students at Oxford do not take honor degrees, but content themselves with "pass" degrees, which means that they are satisfied wiih merely passing the necessary examinations and getting through. Very few American students have had the thoroughness of drill necessary to secure the highest scholastic distinctions at Oxford. It is also reported that, with some brilliant exceptions, the American stndents have not made any special impression in the matter of sport. It is not surprising that honors have not come their way when it is remembered that the Rhodes scholars are a body of men selected not for their scholarly and intellectual attainments, but for out-of-door efficiency and interest in public affairs. It is surprising, however, that a larger number have failed of distinction in the field of sport. The failure to carry off the highest honors, where the tests are extremely exacting and the competition sharp, does not mean that the American students have wasted their time. Oxford is remarkable for teaching through its atmosphere. No man at all sensitive to environment, tradition, architecture, and dignity of life can remain long at the University without receiving very definite impressions of the kind which make for culture. The University is strong at the very point where a great many American institutions are weak. Many of its courses are inadequate. It does not present the facilities in various fields which are presented in some of our colleges; it does not offer the definite courses of study; but it does exert a penetrating, civilizing influence on young men, and that, after all, is the chief thing to be secured.

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COMING CELEBRATIONS

Last week The Outlook gave some account of the commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of Milton's birth in New York City and elsewhere, and outlined the very impressive and adequate plans for the Hudson-Fulton Celebration in New York and along the Valley of the Hudson in September of next year. The announcements of the exercises commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lincoln on February 12 have not been fully made. These exercises will take many forms in different parts of the country. Congress will set apart Friday, February 12, 1909, as a day of National observance, and will provide for joint exercises to be held by the Senate and the House of Representatives. Some great permanent memorial will undoubtedly be erected as part of the observance of the anniversary. It is proposed in New York City to have a great meeting in Cooper Union at which Dr. Lyman Abbott will speak, to read selections from Lincoln's works, and some of the most striking poems about him in all the public schools of the city in the morning, and to give addresses by leading men of New York City on Lincoln's life and character in every school-house in the evening. The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe, one of the three foremost figures in American literature, will be commemorated at the University of Virginia by the opening of a Poe Museum and a series of addresses by Professors Fortier, Wendell, and Charles A. Smith, and doubtless in many other localities. In New York there will be several celebrations, chief among them being that which will take place on the evening of January 19 at Columbia University, at which Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, representing not only literature but the university which is associated with Poe, and Mr. Brander Matthews will be the speakers. In the afternoon there will be a celebration under the direction of the Bronx Society of Arts and Sciences at the New York University on University Heights. A visit will be paid to the cottage in Fordham associated with the later and sadder years of Poe's life, and an address will be delivered in the Auditorium by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Darwin will come on February 12; and "Darwinism" is now fifty years old. During the present week nearly a thousand American scientists will celebrate this great event in Baltimore by devoting a day and evening to memorial addresses, showing the progress of the theory of evolution since Darwin's day.

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EDUCATIONAL VALUE

The educational uses of these anniversaries cannot well be overstated. In a practical country where material achievements are so constantly emphasized and material achievements so eagerly celebrated, too much attention cannot be paid to public services of the higher kind—artistic and spiritual achievements. Patriotic feeling in England, which is especially intense, is greatly fostered by the monuments of heroism erected at every point, so that an English boy is rarely out of sight of some memorial of English courage and sacrifice. Every literary or artistic anniversary ought to be made the most of in this country, in order that life may become better balanced; and that Americans, who are so largely given to concentration on one plane of living, may have kept before them the other and higher planes of living. The noble commemorative service on Milton's birthday in the Church of the Ascension, New York City, on Wednesday of last week, has been widely commented upon as showing with what extraordinary effectiveness and impressiveness to the eye and the ear these anniversaries may be used,

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A NATIONAL WATERWAY POLICY

The improvement of our waterways is a National problem. Two weeks ago the President, the President-elect, the Vice-President, the Governors of more than half the States, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Senators, Representatives, and members of important civic and commercial associations from all over the country united at Washington in expressing their appreciation of the importance of this question. As Mr. James Bryce, the British Ambassador, said, we have in this country a system of great rivers such as is to be found nowhere else on the face of the earth except in the tropical jungles of South America. This system of natural channels of transportation ought to be comprehensively improved. Our great rivers, like the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, the Columbia, should be made safely and easily navigable for freight-carrying vessels, and should be connected by canals into a complete waterway system wherever the exigencies of freight transportation require. A continuous inland channel, parallel to the Atlantic coast, should be constructed from Boston to Florida. The development of our waterways would help the railways by relieving them from the great flood of heavy and bulky freight which congests them at certain times of the year with unfortunate effect upon their fast freight and passenger service. It would also aid the shipper and the consumer by providing a check on excessive freight charges. The need is a National one. The development which it demands should be Nationally carried on.

In 1882 President Arthur vetoed a Rivers and Harbors Bill carrying appropriations of eighteen million dollars, and the bill was passed over his veto. The Outlook at that time characterized the measure as one for the Improvement of the Chances of Re-election of the present Members of Congress. For years the Rivers and Harbors Bill has preserved this character and has been known as the legislative "pork barrel." It is true that in the last few years, under the leadership of the present chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee of the House of Representatives, Mr. Theodore E. Burton, the method of legislating for waterway improvement has been greatly bettered. Now no project is included in a Rivers and Harbors Bill until it has been passed upon by the engineers of the Army and has received their approval. But even with this desirable change the question of improving the waterways of the country remains, if we may believe Speaker Cannon, a matter of compromise. The process of preparing a waterways measure was described by him as that of "throwing into the pot" projects from different parts of the country in order to secure a majority for the bill in Congress. And, according to Mr. Cannon, an important consideration in the selection of the projects to be included is the desire for re-election on the part of individual Congressmen. Such a method of procedure may improve the chances of Congressmen for re-election, but it will never adequately and comprehensively improve the waterways of the country. What is needed is a National plan scientifically prepared and efficiently carried out, in accordance with the dictates of National public policy, by an executive branch of the Government. Congress should provide the money—whether out of current income or by a charge upon future generations in the form of a bond issue is a matter for later consideration. But the money should be expended by the executive branch of the Government, free from the local demands which inevitably make themselves felt in Congressional action.

By good fortune we have a model ready to hand which may well be followed in waterway development. The Reclamation Service, a branch of the Department of the Interior, is engaged in the development of twenty-five projects in sixteen different States and Territories which, when completed, will irrigate nearly two million acres and will cost seventy million dollars. The location of the projects, the selection of the lands to be irrigated and of the waters to be used upon them, are determined by considerations of public policy and good engineering practice. There is no compromise in the work of reclamation, except the compromise between the many things that ought to be done and the not unlimited funds available for their doing. No irrigation project is located at a certain point because the Senator or Representative from that region is powerful on a certain committee in Congress and needs for his re-election the prestige of the securing of that project for his district.

Our vast waterway resources demand development. They should be developed Nationally along the lines laid down in the Reclamation Service, without compromise, and free from the influences of special interests and individual localities.

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IK MARVEL

Donald G. Mitchell, whose death at the age of eighty-six occurred last week, was one of the little company of men of letters who have long connected the present age with the earlier period of creative writing in this country; a group distinguished both by their talents and their age: Colonel Higginson, Dr. E. E. Hale, Professor Charles Eliot Norton (the first of the group to go), Mr. Trowbridge, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and Mr. John E. Bigelow, whose ninety-second birthday was celebrated recently by a host of friends. Mr. Mitchell shared the generous culture which was the possession of all these writers, and the wide acquaintance with the world which fell to their lot. He passed through the great crisis of a generation ago in this country; the deep movement of passion from which even Hawthorne found it difficult to detach himself; and it was his fortune to share some great moments of change in Europe. But he was primarily a writer of sentiment; a gentle and kindly observer like Irving, whose tradition he continued; a lover of books, to whom his library was a world of delight; a celebrant, like Virgil, of the joys of rural seclusion and the peaceful vicissitudes of the farm. The storm of years swept by and left him the meditative, urbane dispenser of the hospitality of the great minds of the past, the happy chronicler of human affection and domestic idealism.

A New Englander by birth, and a man of intense local attachments, with a deep love of the soil, Mr. Mitchell touched the world at many points. He inherited intellectual tastes and habits; by marriage he was affiliated with the delightful society of Charleston; as a young man he spent a good deal of time in Europe; he tried to be a lawyer, as many other men of letters have tried, but ended by becoming a writer. He was in Paris in 1848, and he has given a picturesque account of his experiences in "The Battle Summer." "The Reveries of a Bachelor" was published in 1850; and "Dream Life" two years later. In 1854 Mr. Mitchell went abroad again as Consul at Venice. After a year's absence he returned to "Edgewood," New Haven, where he resided until the day of his death; of late years in seclusion, happy in his wide familiarity with literature, the devotion of his family, and the affectionate regard of a host of friends.

A generation ago "Dream Life" and "The Reveries of a Bachelor" lay on the tables of college students in all parts of the country; to-day "David Balfour" and "Plain Tales from the Hills" have taken their places. Men have grown more reticent, and the emphasis of interest has shifted from sentiment to action. To-day we have the courage of our convictions; a generation ago they had the courage of their emotions. They are old-fashioned books now, those records of the heart, and their sentiment was undoubtedly pressed too far; there is a note of exaggeration, not in the feeling, but in the expression. Nevertheless, there was a touch of chivalry, an instinctive gallantry of spirit, an unworldly devotion, in those old-time records of the life of the heart, which we should be glad to recall in a day when so much popular writing is a noisy beating of drums and clashing of cymbals.

An essayist by the temper of his mind and the bent of his talent, the charm of Mr. Mitchell's work was atmospheric. It was not the intellectual quality of his writing which made it dear to a host of readers; it was the personal quality. It was impossible to be with him ten minutes without feeling his charm—a charm which issued in part from his temperament and in part from his intellectual associations and background. To hear him talk of Addison and Steele was to be carried back to the eighteenth century, to have a sense of literature as an art practiced by a few rare men, whose touch on the keys of speech had something of magic in it. An old-fashioned man of letters himself, Mr. Mitchell was not only an expounder of old-fashioned writing, but a survivor of a school to whom the accurate and uninspired teaching of literature by maps and diagrams would have seemed a monstrous fumbling with the most subtle and sensitive of arts.

For literature, to Mr. Mitchell, meant taste, feeling, sense of form, that magical knowledge of speech which plays upon the open and closed vowels, the hard and soft consonants, as if they were strings of a violin; sensitive and elusive things quite beyond the reach of the painstaking scholar to whom words are products and corruptions and derivatives, and not musical notes. When Ik Marvel discoursed on old-time writers, one understood the professional feeling of the writers who lived before writing became a trade for many, and mere stuff of grammar and philology for others. He was not a scholar in the externalities of writing; but he was an embodiment of the literary spirit; a man whose ripeness of mind, richness of association, and atmosphere of generous culture made one aware of the vital difference between the man of letters and the pedagogue to whom the skeleton in a case is the ultimate use of a work of art.

Those who knew Mr. Mitchell know that he was not a great writer in the sense of dealing with great themes in the grand manner, and they will not attempt, at a time when such different ideals are dominant, to assign him his place among American writers. That he still has readers is evidenced by the new and complete edition of his works issued by his publishers not many months ago. Those who knew him will remember him as a devout lover of good books; a companion of the choice spirits of the older writers; a cultivated and sweet-toned gentleman, whose long life was a quiet protest against rush, tumult, and the madness of money-getting.

ANTIQUATED GOODNESS

Human slavery, when introduced as better than the murder of captives in war, was for that time a good thing, giving to the captive some chance of future good, and to the captor some opportunity for the exercise of human sympathy. But in its survival at the time when Alexander H. Stephens defended it as "the corner-stone" of the Confederacy of 1861, it had become abhorrent to the larger part of the civilized world. The Mosaic law of divorce was good for its time, prescribing a formality which tended to check an unchecked freedom in breaking the nuptial band. Jesus, seven or eight centuries later, admitted that it had been as good as its time permitted, but banned its survival as bad.

The history of morality is a history of progress, in which the good is continually transcended by the better, and in contrast with the better is no longer good but bad. Of present instances there is no lack. Unregulated personal liberty, good for the pioneers in the American wilderness, is bad enough in its resentment of the regulation and inspection needed by the purveyors to the wants and pleasures of teeming communities. Teachers of morality and religion should study the list of such survivals treated with admirable insight and sanity by Professors Dewey and Tufts in their "Ethics." One of the most pernicious instances of antiquated goodness is especially frequent in churches. Jesus said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;" he abstained with his apostles from hopeless conflict with Roman despotism. The literal imitation of his practice in this respect has led men to divorce religion from politics, and to neglect the opportunity given the good citizen to use his power in a representative democracy.

The real follower of Christ is not the one who imitates his actions but the one who breathes of his spirit. And nothing was more characteristic of his spirit than his rejection of virtues outgrown. The only religion that is worthy of his name is that which directs the energies of men into each new duty as it arises. In this sense religion must be timely.

THE SPECTATOR

When the Spectator read "Jane Eyre" in his youth, he longed above all things to see the moors of the Brontë country. Many years afterward a visit of a week or two at York made this possible and comparatively easy. Preparatory to leaving his inn he inquired at the desk—the useful repository of all local information—how one pronounced Haworth. The quick reply *Horth* was a sudden surprise.

"Like *horse* with a lisp?"

"Precisely—Horth."

This was no uncertain sound perplexing to the ear and difficult to the memory. At least that was the first impression.

* * *

With his new pronunciation easily in hand, the Spectator tried three times to procure a ticket of the uninspired station agent who seemed unfamiliar with his own tongue. Not a gleam of intelligence lightened the man's stolid face until the guard's peremptory hand was on the door of the departing railway carriage, when he asked indifferently, "Do you mean *Hay*werth?" Yes, the Spectator meant *Hay*werth; and the reluctant guard swung open the door as the train started, and an entrance with an umbrella —for it was a gray day—was effected with difficult haste.

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It was a sad country even in August, with bare hills bleak and brown and a cramped valley between. Haworth was reached by slow degrees; it was set like a mediæval town on a steep hillside looking sharply down on woolen mills and slate-colored houses drearily elbowing their way where they could, hopeless in tone and surroundings, not one with the least suggestion of a home for intelligent beings. We were dropped most unexpectedly at a bridge over the railway track far below both church and parsonage and inn, on a plea that the horse was unable to draw us up the cobbled steep, which was reasonable on the face of it, though we later saw that it was by no means impossible. So we had compassion on horse and driver which might better have been spent on ourselves, and toiled up a steep and undesirable lane bordered with rank weeds and set irregularly with mournful shelters of the same slaty hue from foundation to chimney, till we gained the paved and slippery roadway where the flagstones are set endwise for safety; a passage steep and difficult as Porphyry's pathway of the gods. At the summit stood the Black Bull Inn, leaning out aggressively, it seemed, from below; the place where Branwell Brontë spent much of his lost youth amusing travelers with weird tales of his ancestors; tales that the father told his children by the fireside till they could not sleep for haunting terrors. It was a small room, that was incapable of holding a large audience; oak-wainscoted, with fireplace, a beautiful corner cupboard, and dark beams overhead. This was the very place where Branwell Brontë entertained his friends, our hostess said, as she set before us tea and thin bread and butter.

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The church stands a little back from the wall-like way leading to it, keeping watch and ward over the old graves that hem in the parsonage on three sides. Its pillars were built before the reign of Henry VII, and an inscription on one of the tower stones reads: "*Hic fecit coenobium monarchorum anteste fundator, A.D. sexcentissimus.*"

◆

We walked around the church and made our way through a wilderness of tombs that stopped of necessity at the high wall in front of the house, which can see the church only from its upper windows—the windows behind which the lonely little Brontës thought and planned and worked quietly in order that the father might not be disturbed, after they were left motherless.

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By way of the churchyard we came to the brown moorland beyond, where we sat for an hour or two, looking across to the opposite moors which were filled with visions by day and by night for Charlotte Brontë; which inspired her pen as the desert inspires its lovers, "bitten in" with the glamour of its silent desolation. It would have been a pleasure to enter the house, but we were unbidden guests. So we strolled back to the church, and were delighted to find it open. A young curate, with a musical voice, had just begun the christening service, holding a very small babe in his arms, and rocking it gently to and fro to quiet it. Only the father, mother, and two or three friends were present, so we sat quietly aloof until the end. As the others passed out we lingered for a moment at the tombs of Charlotte and her sister Anne, where some unknown friend had placed a fresh wreath of flowers; then, hearing the clergyman invite an elderly man to go out at the vestry door, we went forward and accepted a similar invitation. We were courteously asked if we would look over the register, and shown page after page of interesting signatures; many of Patrick Brontë and his son Branwell, together with those of Charlotte Brontë and Mr. Nicholls and the date of their marriage. Mr. Nicholls's name did not appear on the tombs, and the Spectator asked where he was buried, remembering the words of the dying wife, "*He will not separate us, we have been so happy;*" hoping that their dust might lie side by side. The shadow of a smile lighted up the face of the curate as he said, "Mr. Nicholls is not dead yet."

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Many years ago, when in country places it was a custom much honored in the observance to ask permission to look upon the face of the dead, a young girl knocked timidly at a certain door long closed on account of serious illness, and asked if she might see the corpse. "He isn't dead yet," was the reply. It was with a feeling of surprise akin to that of the child that we learned that Charlotte Brontë's husband still lived. We were told that he stayed on in the desolate home for five or six years until the death of Patrick Brontë, when he went back to Ireland, married again, and was living, at least until within a few months, since when he had not been heard from. It was a shock to the Spectator to know that one so beloved by Charlotte Brontë through the brief months of their united life could care for other love, or other immortality than that which had already been conferred upon him. The old churchyard was so still, so still, with its brooding silence, the repose of the forgotten dead so absolute, that we walked with uncovered heads.

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Outside we came upon a small building whose upper story was filled with Brontë relics. There were tiny two-inch bits of paper stitched into books and filled with Branwell Brontë's microscopic print; much MS. of the father's, for he too was given to authorship; a portrait of Charlotte Brontë by Richmond, and a prized one of Thackeray by Lawrence, sent to her after the publication of "Jane Eyre," and concerning which she had written, "And there came a Lion out of Judah." A small picture of Mr. Nicholls taken in Dublin on their wedding tour suggests a tall, thin, dark man with long nose and large, genial mouth. The wedding gown was of white, embroidered muslin, worn with a white lace mantle and white bonnet trimmed with green leaves. Beside this there were bits of other gowns, one of purple with narrow black lines, trimmed with soft, inch-wide fringe. Here were also a picture of the Rev. W. M. Heald, prototype of Cyril Hall in "Shirley;" water-colors by Charlotte, Anne, and Branwell; and a picture, supposed to be of Emily, with auburn curls, and not altogether pleasing in expression. There was the little stool used by Emily on the moors—a piteous little dark wooden thing with four turned legs and a hollowed and worn deal seat. "A traveler through the shadows," she calls herself. There were many pieces of beautiful old china, with pink decoration and of curious shapes; an old knocker; and under a glass cover a pair of shoes with square tips. A pink gown and cape, a needle-book, and two lace collars made by Charlotte Brontë bear witness to the varied work of her hands.

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Sometimes it proves disillusioning to walk in the earthly steps of the illustrious dead, but human nature in general loves to linger over the consecrated ground where genius lived its life and was nourished and inspired by its surroundings. Faint guesses at the life of the spirit may become more vivid, or even sadly lost, in the reality, but none the less we seldom fail to apply the test when we have opportunity to bring before us a living presence by means of earthly tokens.

A Correction.—In the last issue of The Outlook, in a letter defending the character of Mexican citizens of the United States, by a grandnephew of General John A. Dix, there was made an error, not of his own pen, but of transcription in this office. We referred to General Dix as War Governor of the State of New York. Our correspondent wrote ex-Governor. Of course, General Dix, who is famous as the author of the phrase, "If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot," was not in civil life during the war, but was actively engaged as a general officer of the United States army during the four years of that struggle, and, after having been Minister to France, was Governor of the State of New York from 1873–1875. It is interesting in this connection to recall that General Dix's sister was a foreign missionary, and that his son, the late Dr. Morgan Dix, was the distinguished rector of Trinity Church, New York.—The Editors.

THE BUILDER OF THE HUDSON TUNNELS

BY ROBERT WATCHORN

ENGINEERING skill and constructive genius have always played an interesting and useful part in the affairs of men; but never in the history of man have that skill and daring been so well displayed as in the comparatively recent past. Within Manhattan's sphere of influence projects have been undertaken, and will be pushed to completion within the first decade of the twentieth century, so complicated and costly as to eclipse any previous undertakings in the engineering world.

A modern railway station is needed, and, despite apparently insuperable difficulties, the need is met. The bed of the Hudson, undisturbed for centuries, feels the penetrating tools of the daring engineers, and yields a grudging place to the tubes which are to destroy the barrier which has been maintained for centuries. Twelve thousand people are dispossessed and their homes razed to the ground that terminal facilities may be provided for this new order of things. The great men of ancient times had not the conception, nerve, nor skill to propose, much less to execute, such a prodigious task as this.

The engineering commonplaces of New York would be marvels in any other city in the world. Great men are drawn to her hospitable circles; scope is allowed to men of genius in like manner as remunerative toil is afforded to willing workers of all grades and classes.

William G. McAdoo was brought hither by the twin forces that have occasioned all migratory movements since the beginning of time—want of opportunity that expels, and opportunity that invites. His coming, like that of the other individuals comprising the great and ever-increasing army that takes peaceable possession of the city, was unheralded; and he, like them, remained in obscurity until he legitimately emerged and won the prize of public approbation and general popularity.

The late ex-President Cleveland once said: "I would rather have my boy design and build a Brooklyn Bridge than see him made President of these United States." This is a mixture of genuine patriotism and commendable paternal aspiration, and were the senior McAdoo still living, the year 1908 would indeed have been a mighty glad year for him, in view of the triumph of his son over difficulties that none but the most resolute, resourceful, courageous, and competent of men could have overcome.

When one views in the abstract a young lawyer, a child of the "late unpleasantness," leaving the South behind and casting his lot with the citizens of Gotham, it almost surpasses belief that he was able to pick up the twice-broken wand of the master engineers who had failed to pierce the Hudson's bed, and with it wave aside all obstacles and push the tunnel to a great and signal success. But once face to face with the builder of the Hudson tunnels it is not so difficult to perceive the possibility of it all, for he impresses one as a Napoleon, "who laughs at impossibilities, and cries, 'It shall be done.'"

William Gibbs McAdoo was born near Marietta, Georgia, in 1863. On both the paternal and maternal sides his ancestors were of Scotch descent, and in an unbroken line from the seventeenth century they were distinguished for their services to the State and to the Nation, both in military and civil life. The annals of North Carolina and Tennessee are greatly enriched by the services of the McAdoos and Floyds, whose direct descendant the subject of this sketch is.

At one time he owned the controlling interest in and was President of the Street Railway Company of Knoxville, Tennessee, and in that capacity obtained his first knowledge of surface railway construction and operation. In 1892 he removed to New York and for ten years engaged in the practice of law, having at the same time an interest in a firm engaged in the sale of investment securities.

During all of this time Mr. McAdoo had been interested, as an observer and student, in the transportation problems of Manhattan Island. When the contract for the Manhattan Subway was let and this long dream began to become a reality, Mr. McAdoo felt that the time had come when the transportation problem presented by the Hudson River was susceptible of solution. His attention was called to the old tunnel under the Hudson, which had been begun in 1878 by DeWitt Clinton Haskins, and which had been abandoned after about 3,700 feet had been built from the New Jersey side toward New York.

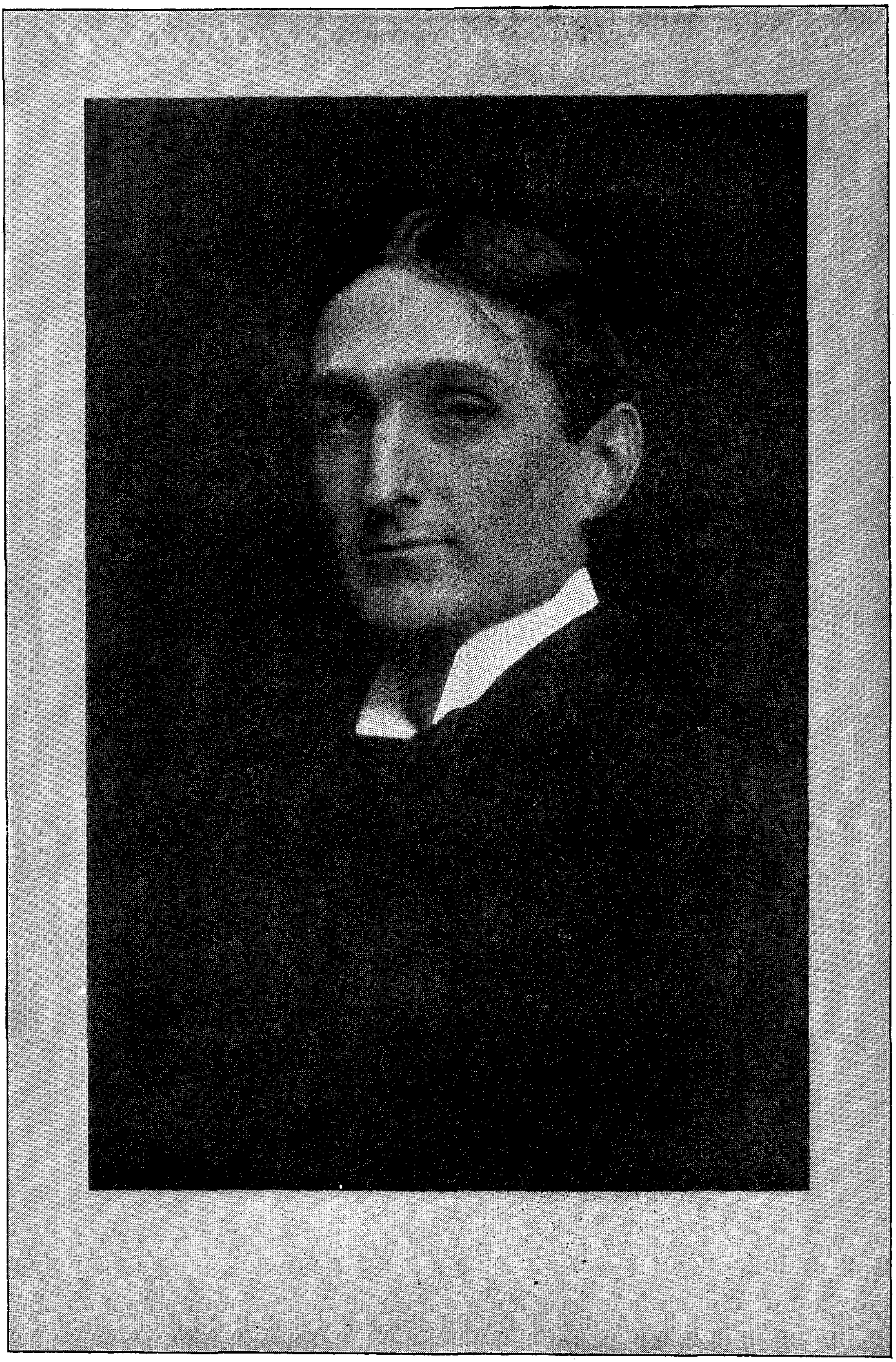
This old tunnel had a tragic history, financially and physically. Begun in 1878, a serious disaster occurred almost at the very outset, resulting in the loss of many lives. After 1,800 feet had been built it failed, in 1882, for lack of money. Nine years thereafter, work was resumed, and 1,900 feet of additional tunnel were built, when, in 1892, the company again failed.

In 1902 Mr. McAdoo organized the New York and New Jersey Railroad Company, which acquired this old tunnel from the Reorganization Committee. The plan then outlined was for the completion of this single tunnel to a terminal at Christopher, Greenwich, West Tenth, and Hudson Streets, in New York, the construction of a double track in the single tube and the operation of narrow-gauge cars of special design to fit the single tunnel. A sufficient amount of money was raised for the completion of this one tunnel. It was proposed to connect it with the surface railway lines in New Jersey, either at Hoboken or in Jersey City.

To spend a few hours with Mr. McAdoo, plodding with him through the labyrinths of the huge terminal for his tunnel system and an inspection of the tunnels from end to end, having ocular demonstration of a succession of triumphs unprecedented in engineering annals, would be sufficient to convince any ordinary person that had all the difficulties incident to this undertaking been fully revealed in advance, we should not now be enjoying the actual operation of a tunnel service, nor indulging in the gratifying anticipations of an elaborate enlargement and extension of it. While many of these difficulties were undisclosed, there were known obstacles sufficiently numerous to have daunted any but the most courageous of men. They may be said to have been threefold—physical, financial, and political. The making available of $4,000,000 for the undertaking of this work was regarded in engineering circles as sufficient evidence that whatever physical difficulties existed were quite superable; but when comparatively little progress had been made and it was shown that $4,000,000 would be woefully inadequate, the faith of these investors was not shaken, but other large sums of money were promptly made available for the continuance of the task.

After many months of hard and trying work, with some measure of success recorded in each successive month, a cloud of disappointment almost enveloped the promoters, engineers, and fiscal agents, and came near writing for the third time across the face of this undertaking the dismal word "Failure." The panic of 1903 struck the commercial world with terrible effect, making it extremely difficult to raise money for enterprises which had theretofore ranked among the best of dividend-payers; and, as a matter of course, making it infinitely more difficult to raise money for the prosecution of an enterprise (with two previous failures recorded against it) which was based entirely on faith. But when doubt increases and hope with most men nears the vanishing line, stronger determination characterizes the attitude of resolute men. It was thus that William G. McAdoo and his assistants in those gloomy, panicky days coped with that unforeseen dilemma.

But before they had emerged from that trying situation a political barrier thrust its ugly form across their path, and "in-



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

WILLIAM G. McADOO

trenched interests," fearing successful competition, resorted to every conceivable filibustering plan, trick, and device to handicap, to delay, and ultimately to defeat, if possible, the consummation of this engineering feat.

The Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad Company bought the Hoboken ferries, and greatly enlarged their carrying capacity and facilities, putting in a splendid service between Hoboken and Twenty-third Street, at the same time contesting the right of way of the tunnel company under its tracks in Hoboken. A tunnel without an outlet would, as a matter of course, be a useless possession. Scarcely had the difficulty incident to the litigation on the Jersey shore been determined in favor of the tunnel company than the Metropolitan Street Railway Company commenced action against the company to restrain it from obtaining adequate outlet at the New York end of the tunnels. The Metropolitan Railway Company was particularly aggressive in its attempt to thwart the tunnel company in its desires to extend its tunnels up to Thirty-third Street through Sixth Avenue. Application for the Sixth Avenue extension was filed with the Rapid Transit Commission on the 2d of March, 1904. On April 25th of the same year the Board denied the application. In the following May the tunnel company submitted a new application, which met with the same earnest resistance by the Metropolitan as had been exerted in the first instance. The Metropolitan Company, however, consented to have the tunnel extended under Ninth Street to Fourth Avenue. It was supposed by those interested that this concession on the part of the Metropolitan was intended to divide the Rapid Transit Commission in such a way that not enough votes could be obtained to secure either route. There were eight members of the Board, and six votes were required to grant a franchise. The fight was then on between the Ninth Street route and the Sixth Avenue route. A tremendous interest was stirred up among the merchants in the Fourth Avenue section and along lower Broadway, an animation which became contagious, spreading to the Sixth Avenue commercial houses, so that both routes were found to be very greatly in demand. The Board was equally divided, four favoring each route, and a deadlock ensued. Public hearings were had before the Rapid Transit Commission, and interested parties did all in their power to "accelerate" public opinion, but without much success. It was not until December 22, 1904, that a final decision was reached.

The hearing before the Rapid Transit Commission was one of the most exciting hearings of the entire period. The opposing interests were represented by able counsel. Mr. McAdoo made the closing argument in favor of the tunnel company. He pointed out to the Rapid Transit Commission what his company desired, and complimented the Metropolitan Railway Company on its consenting to the building of the Ninth Street subway, but adroitly expressed regret that it had not seen the light sooner. He recalled the fact that the Metropolitan Company had refused to build the city subway even with the city's own money; that it would not build the Hudson River tunnels when it had the opportunity to do so; that it well knew that additional rapid transit facilities were an absolute necessity, and that it ought not to stand any longer in the way of private capital supplying the needs which the Company itself had refused to furnish. Mr. McAdoo argued that all his company had desired was an outlet northward as far as Thirty-third Street through Sixth Avenue; and to show its faith in its own proposition and its ability to do the work, on behalf of his company he undertook to build both the Ninth Street and Sixth Avenue lines. Thus another difficulty was overcome; another triumph was recorded. The fight was won squarely on its merits, and after nearly a whole year's fighting the Mayor approved the application in February, 1905.

It is impossible to discourage men of the McAdoo type. The litigation forced upon the tunnel company by these two great corporations would have given it ample opportunity to confess itself defeated, if it had been of the "quitter" type. The financial storm was safely weathered, opposing litigants were defeated, and there remained only the engineering difficulties to be overcome.

In 1903, a year after the first tunnel company was organized, Mr. McAdoo conceived the idea of connecting the Pennsylvania Railroad in Jersey City with downtown New York, and also of connecting the uptown and downtown tunnels by means of a north and south line along the New Jersey water-front, so as to connect the Lackawanna, Erie, and Pennsylvania Railroads with the tunnel system, and thereby be able to give to their passengers an uptown and downtown railway delivery, as against the slow and antiquated method of reaching the uptown and downtown districts by means of ferries. For this purpose the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company was organized. Traffic agreements were entered into with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the large terminal on Church Street, between Cortlandt, Dey, and Fulton Streets, New York, was projected. Since that time a further extension of the system has been planned, and an agreement has been actually made with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company whereby a through line of rapid transit will be operated between the city of Newark and the Hudson Terminal Buildings at Church Street, New York.

As before stated, the tunnel system as first planned consisted of a single tube from Hoboken, New Jersey, to Ninth Avenue and Christopher Street, New York, a distance of about two miles. The present system, when completed, will comprise over nineteen miles of single-track tunnel, or nine and one-half miles of double-track tunnel (sufficient in length to span the English Channel between Dover and Calais), of which about twelve miles of single-track tunnel have already been built. The cost of the original tunnel was to be about $5,000,000. The cost of the present system will be about $60,000,000, all of which has been raised by private capitalists. That part of the line from Hoboken to Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, New York, is now in operation.

During the process of construction the engineers having in charge the boring of the tunnels reported conditions which had not been foreseen, and which threatened to envelop the whole scheme in failure. The bottom of the tunnel proved to be of the hardest material, almost resisting the powerful boring machinery; whereas the top of the tunnel may, for all practical purposes, be said to be the river bed, and, to those having any knowledge whatever of such engineering difficulties, it appears quite plain that to set off the necessarily heavy blasts to dislodge the hard substances at the base of the tunnel must of necessity disturb the liquefied material forming the top of the tunnel. The top had to be supported by devices specially originated for this unique condition, and, despite all the engineering skill that was brought to bear on it, the river actually twice broke through into the tunnel, and disasters equal to any that had occurred in the previous attempts to tunnel the Hudson were but narrowly averted.

Some idea of the anxious hours that ensued may be formed from the fact that the chief engineer, Mr. Charles M. Jacobs, hit upon the novel plan of protecting the top of the tunnel by sinking in the river a specially prepared canvas to cover a large enough area where the break had occurred to hold back the river, supported by the air pressure from within. This covering was of the strongest possible canvas that could be obtained, namely, the sails of the cup defender Reliance, of the New York Yacht Club. It is quite certain that no such difficulty was ever encountered in tunnel-building before, nor any such heroic and unusual measures adopted to cope with it. Underneath this canvas the iron rings (forming the arch) were brought into place, and inch by inch the desired progress was painfully and expensively made. Fifty-eight hundred of the iron rings for the arch were required for the construction of the tunnels, each ring being sixteen feet in diameter and weighing five tons. The first tunnel under the Hudson River was completed on March 11, 1904.

The physical difficulties incident to the boring of the tunnels were not the only ones which tested the nerve of these daring and progressive engineers and builders, for their early plan included a terminal building in the downtown section of Manhattan; indeed, such a terminal was indispensable to the successful operation of the tunnel; and to this end two whole city blocks had to be purchased, extending from Cortlandt to Dey Street, and from Dey to Fulton. This location in the very heart of the financial and commercial center of New York was generally considered to be an ideal one; but not even the most zealous member of the company realized what a huge project the removal of these buildings and the sinking of the foundations for the terminal buildings involved. Forty-four thousand square feet of available area was provided for on each floor, and the plans included a building of twenty-two stories above and four stories below the street level. The excavation had proceeded but a comparatively short distance when a bed of quicksand was encountered, and this had such remarkable ramifications as to include practically the whole of the site. Even the buildings which had been removed could not have been erected on a bed of quicksand, and it was only the intervening strata between their foundations and the quicksand that enabled them to stand. The matter had progressed too far to turn back, and to give up was simply out of the question. Huge caissons were built, with walls of concrete eight feet thick and seventy-five feet deep, extending over the whole area of these two city lots, and resting on solid rock, after which the interior was removed. On this foundation was erected the great Terminal Building.

New York proudly boasts of many astonishing structural features, but no one of them could rightfully take precedence over this great edifice. The construction is of solid steel (28,000 tons of steel being used), and the entire building is absolutely fireproof. It contains thirty-nine elevators, and has every conceivable modern device, including a vacuum cleaner. The below-street-level provisions are an engineering triumph. Its concourse and waiting-rooms are not surpassed in any railway station in the world. Its inclined planes, easy stairs, huge elevators, telegraph stands, telephone booths, newspaper kiosks, lunch counters, bootblack stands, and every possible convenience mark it as one of the most remarkable stations in existence. It has five tracks running between six platforms, egress and ingress being obtained by opposite platforms, thus avoiding all possibility of confusion such as is common to ordinary railway stations. These buildings cost more than $13,000,000, and, when occupied, will contain over ten thousand people.

What shall we say of men who on faith alone can command investments sufficient to overcome a trinity of difficulties so colossal as these, and give to a great city such important and necessary facilities as these tunnels and their connections? Truly the awe-inspiring stories of our nursery days, in which the magician's wand was made to appear invincible and all-powerful, have been given a touch of reality by the capable and dauntless man to whom this contribution relates, demonstrating once again that the hour of necessity is always accompanied by the man who can dare and do. The history of the United States is replete with incidents in political and military annals in attestation of this fact: but there is no clearer instance of the kind on record in the engineering annals of the United States than this signal triumph of Mr. McAdoo.

We are on the eve of a great and worthy celebration, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln. The lapse of time since his tragic death has given friends and foes alike an opportunity to estimate the great burdens under which he labored and the difficulties which he overcame, making his triumph enduring and imperishable. The building of the Hudson tunnels bears no direct analogy to the difficulties that confronted Lincoln, but the faith which Lincoln had in the justice of his cause, the patience which he manifested in the face of all his difficulties, the magnanimity with which he treated his foes, and the unflinching determination with which he pressed forward to the consummation of his plans have, in a degree, been manifested throughout the entire operation, from conception to finish, of the Hudson River Tunnels.

THE WOMEN OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

BY LEROY SCOTT

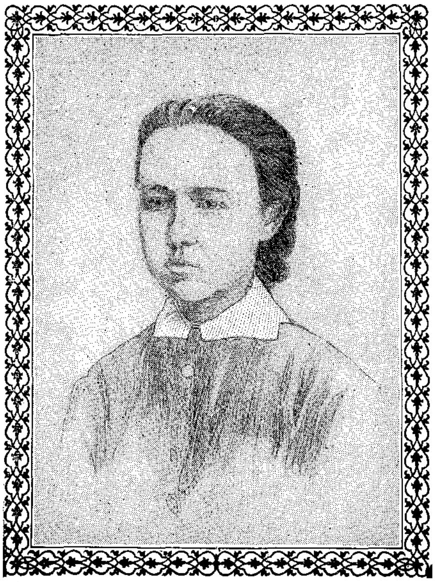
SHE had taught love of liberty to stealthily gathered groups of workingmen and of peasants, and so the Czar's judges suited her punishment to her crime—sent the frail twenty-year-old girl, on foot, far up into the Czar's great ice prison beyond the Arctic Circle, where the elements discharge the hangman's duties. That Arctic agony—man cannot suggest it! Here, miserably fed, miserably clad, sheltered in a foul hut, she almost died of hunger, of cold, of their begotten diseases. But—she made friends with the Eskimos—and two years later an Eskimo suddenly started his dog-team southward. On the sledge, fur-buried, in Eskimo dress, was a woman—"my wife," the sledge driver explained to those he met. A few months afterwards, the brown stain washed from her face, under a new name, the girl was a medical student in the women's university in St. Petersburg—again committing her old crime of spreading the idea of freedom, in constant danger of being returned into even harsher exile.

I marveled at the delicate girl as I drew her story from her. "Do you not fear exile, death?" I asked. "Do you not long for peace, for happiness?"

She answered with her gentle, quiet smile, "When one's people is suffering such agonies, one has no right to think of self."

This girl represents, voices, thousands of Russian women. When, in the happier future, the history of the Russian Revolution is written, one feature of the great struggle which will distinguish it from other movements of its kind will be the part played by women. Woman's immemorial rôle in such a period has been to wait at home and suffer. The Russian woman has shared like and like with man: in leadership, in the dangerous clandestine education of the masses, in throwing the terrorist's bomb, in prison, in Siberian mines, on the scaffold. So willing have they been to die for the sake of progress that with many death has become an ambition. At one of the early political trials a girl prisoner, on hearing her mates sentenced to death and herself merely sentenced to imprisonment, broke down and wept that she had done too little to be judged worthy of sharing their fate.

This development of women as a heroic political factor has been parallel with women's intellectual development. Forty years ago society at large, still preserving the uneducated woman as its ideal, was bitterly opposed to women's education; and the Government, which has always regarded education as the chief enemy of autocracy, was also hostile to the spread of intelligence among women. But at this time the desire for



SOPHIE PEROVSKAYA

The most famous of women revolutionists, and the first woman to die on the scaffold in Russia for a political offense. She belonged to the highest nobility.

Drawn from a photograph

liberty was in its hopeful youth; the period was one of profound intellectual and political stirring. The young women caught the inspiration that was everywhere, and there began a movement that has been one of the most striking of Russia's long struggle—woman's break for intellectual liberty, followed by her attempt to awaken the masses. Daughters of rich and noble families left the homes of their opposing parents and lived under severest hardship, often by their own efforts, that they might gain an education. A little later, in the generous enthusiasm of youth, believing that political liberty could be gained only by the enlightenment of the masses whom the Government purposely kept in ignorance, these young women of aristocratic birth went among the peasants, living their hard, starving life, and went among the workingmen, toiling twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours a day, and living in the loathsome factory-barracks—this that they might be received as equals by the people they would educate and that they might escape the attention of the police. But the Government's vast army of political spies quickly learned of this activity, and these women began to be hunted down. The seventies and early eighties were filled with their trials (in Moscow, in 1878, fifty girls of noble birth were tried in a group), and the best of that marvelous new young womanhood wore out its life in prison or Siberia.

Of this first generation of young women (they would be but of middle age to-day were they alive) all revolutionary Russia unites in giving foremost place to Sophie Perovskaya, the first of the long line of women political prisoners to die by the hangman. She was small, slender, very graceful, very youthful-looking; even at twenty-seven, when on the scaffold, she looked but seventeen. She had a remarkable mind, a powerful will, a calm judgment, a warm, tender heart, and she was without fear—always she was willing to take the most dangerous post for herself. To her, self was nothing.

Her life is a picture of the life of her sister revolutionists. She was born in 1854, of the highest aristocracy. When she was sixteen she was forced to leave home by the opposition of the father, a former governor-general of St. Petersburg, to her efforts to gain advanced education. She joined the circle founded by Nicholas Tschaikovsky, now a prisoner in the fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul; among the women members of this circle, according to Prince Kropotkin, there was not one who would have run from the scaffold. Soon she was an active member of "The People's Will," the revolutionary party of that period. The original purpose of "The People's Will" was to promote the economic betterment of the people, to promote their mental and moral development, to awaken in them a social life and a recognition of their civil rights—to do all these things by strictly educational means, by the members going among the people and teaching them. This purpose was inspired by loftiest idealism, by purest self-sacrifice. But the Government met these generous efforts with fiercest repression. This repression, by revealing to the members the hopelessness of peaceful development, changed their purpose to political revolution; then the tightening of repression drove many of them still farther—into terrorism. Repression of the freedom of utterance—that is the sure method, whether the country be Russia or America, of transforming an idealist into a terrorist.

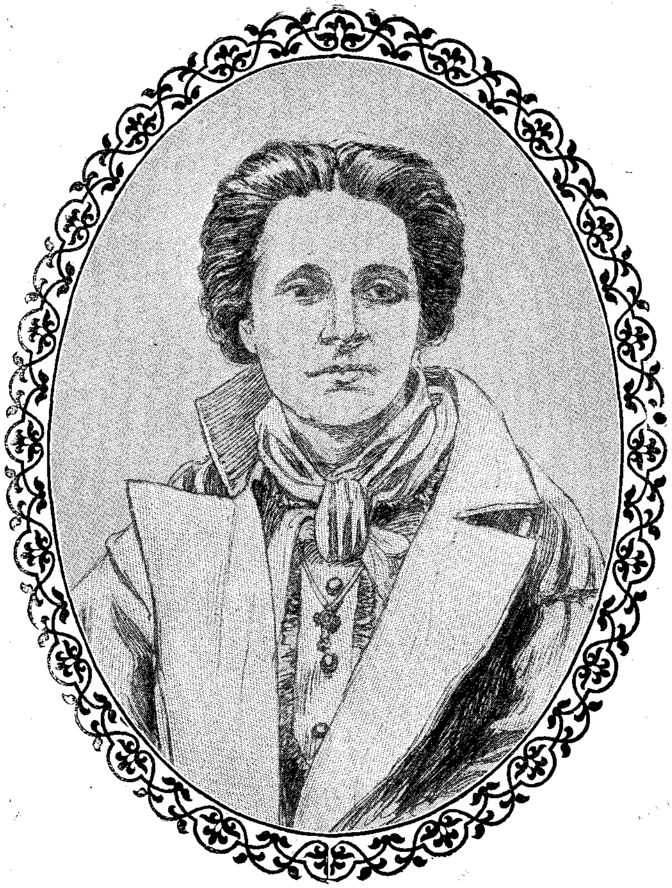
Sophie Perovskaya changed as her party changed. In the beginning she did her share in teaching the young intellectuals, the workingmen, the peasants. I can see her now, in a short peasant skirt, a colored handkerchief tied over her light hair, on her feet high peasant boots, working side by side with peasants in the field—she who had been a figure in the salons of St. Petersburg. Then she became more militant, was cast into the grim fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul, was discharged after three years for lack of evidence, threw herself into the movement with even greater energy than before; became a thing hunted by the police, living the underground life, the life of no home, of disguise, of imminent death.

Once, while attempting to make a secret visit to her mother, whom she worshiped with all her being, she came near the fate she knew would eventually claim her. She was arrested by two gendarmes and put in a little local prison. That night, the better to guard her, both gendarmes remained in her room, and to make doubly sure that their prize should not escape, one stretched himself before the window and one laid himself before the door. Even should she manage to turn the lock, reasoned this second gendarme, the opening door would strike his body and awaken him. But the gendarme had not noticed that this door opened *outward*; and in the middle of the night Sophie unlocked the door and stepped over the snoring gendarme. She made her way to the railway station, acting the part of a foolish old woman, and soon was far away.

These idealists, made into terrorists by repression, decided that the cause of liberty in Russia demanded the death of Alexander II, once a so-called "liberal" monarch, now become a reactionary. Many attempts were made, but all were futile till that of March, 1881. Sophie Perovskaya was the general of this affair. On the night before the deed, she drew on an old envelope a plan of a certain neighborhood through which the Czar was going to pass on the morrow, and assigned

CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

The daughter of a nobleman, who spent 23 years in exile in Siberia. Now, over 64 years of age, she is a political prisoner awaiting trial. She visited America three years ago



MADAME KOVALEVSKAYA

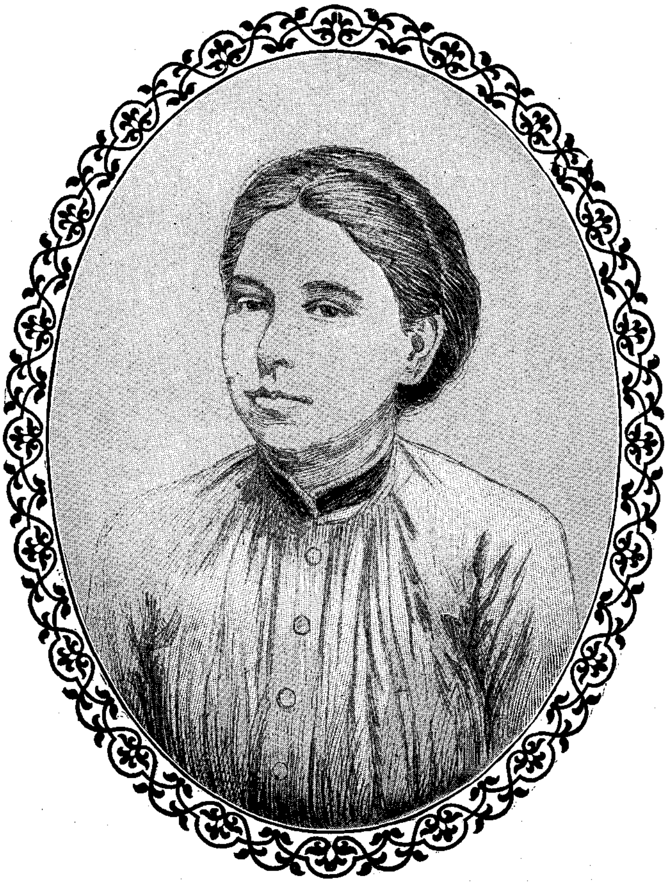
One of the famous women of the revolutionary movement of the '80's
Drawn from a photograph

her fellows to their respective positions. Her own part was to watch the movements of the Czar and direct the movements of her comrades; and the next day, when all were tensely waiting, she indicated to them the route the Czar was taking by the prearranged signal of raising her handkerchief to her nose.

At her trial she denied nothing. Her only request was that she should not be treated differently from the others because she was a woman. Her calm, sincere bearing at her trial won admiration even from her prosecutors. On the scaffold she was serene and undisturbed; even her natural color was in her cheeks.

That tenderness should be one of the strongest characteristics of the women revolutionists seems hardly credible. Yet it is this very tenderness, this intense feeling for the victims of tyranny, that has impelled so many gentle-souled women to tyrannicide. Of this tenderness, this exquisite sympathy, the life of Ludmilla Volkenstein was one long illustration. Like Sophie Perovskaya, she was of noble family. In 1883 she was arrested for complicity in a terrorist act, but there was so little proof against her that the Government could not have established a case had she pleaded not guilty. But she proudly confessed her guilt. She wore her chains as though they were ornaments, and she looked upon her trial as the holiday of her life, for it gave her the longed-for chance to speak out the truth to the faces of the authorities.

She was sentenced to death, but the court, influenced by her exultant heroism,



NADEGIDA SIGIDA

Sentenced to death for helping to run an underground printing-press. The sentence was afterwards changed to exile at hard labor. Flogged to death in Siberia in 1889, at the age of twenty-six, for protesting against the brutal treatment of another exile

Drawn from a photograph

sent her to Schlusselburg prison instead of to the gallows. After three years, as reward of good conduct, she was allowed to walk in the prison courtyard, and was given a few feet of sunless earth there for a garden. Of her it is told that she could not step on the smallest crawling thing; if she saw a beetle or a caterpillar in trouble, she would pause and give it aid; and one day she wrapped in a bit of paper a bedbug she had found in her cell, carried it down to her little garden and set it free among her few stunted flowers. She was always trying to cheer up her fellow-prisoners, protesting against the brutalities inflicted upon them, trying to take their punishments upon herself. After a time she refused the privilege of her daily walk. because it was denied to others; and when some of her comrades, as a punishment, were removed to an old and fouler part of the prison, she also demanded to be removed. It was a pain to her to fare better than her comrades. All this was not the result of prison-born sentimentality; it was the natural expression of her simple, tender nature.

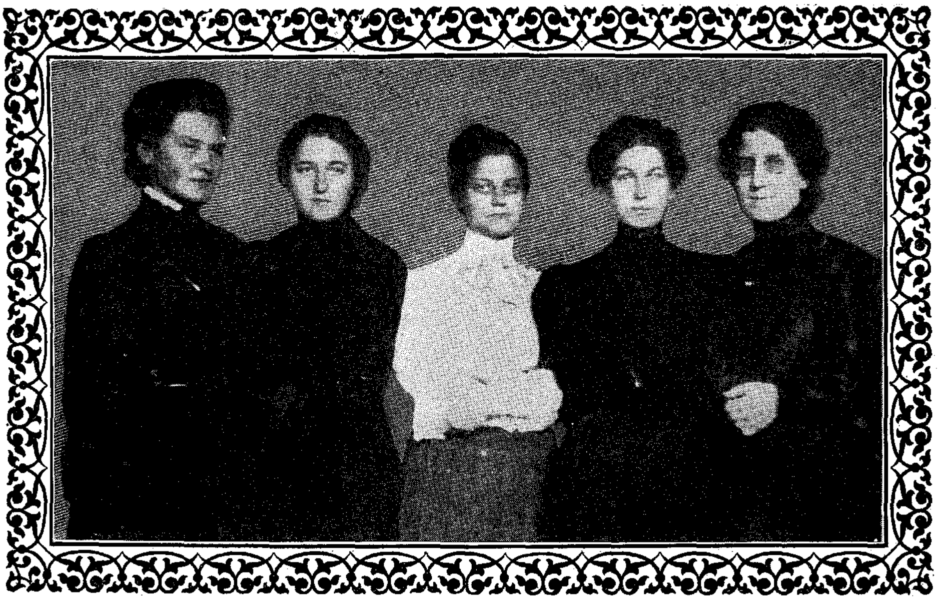
At the end of twelve years in prison she was exiled to Siberia, and here her self-forgetting tenderness had no abatement. She was a skillful doctor and nurse and she was constantly giving herself to the sick, both friend and foe. At the time of the Czar's manifesto of freedom she was in a peaceful crowd of citizens in Vladivostok that was celebrating the supposedly stupendous event. Here happened what happened to the celebrating crowds all over Russia—

soldiers fired upon the unarmed people. When the uproar subsided, among the dead that littered the street was the body of Ludmilla Volkenstein.

Scaffold, prison, Siberia, have not eradicated this self-forgetting revolutionary spirit. To-day it animates a score of women where then it animated one. How far the spirit has penetrated, how far it directs even the smallest acts of life, was shown me by a meeting at the women's university at St. Petersburg; and this meeting also gave me a splendid mass-picture of the women from whom the greater part of the active revolutionists are drawn. The hall was jammed, and even the corridors were crowded—perhaps two thousand girls in all, eager, serious, tense. The meeting was called for the rather prosaic purpose of electing a student representative to the faculty. In an American college the nominations and the voting would probably have been dictated by petty college feelings, perhaps by some social division, such as fraternity members against non-fraternity students. Here not campus politics decided, but national politics, national conditions. The two candidates put forward represented the two popular revolutionary parties, the Socialist Revolutionary party and the Social Democratic party; and it is significant of the attitude of the Russian students toward the Government that not a student even suggested a pro-Government candidate. Girl after girl took the platform. "Comrade!" each began, and went on to expound her party's principles, and to argue that her party's candidate, actuated by these principles, would best represent the students' interests and the

ONE OF THE INCONSPICUOUS THOUSANDS

Though only eighteen, she has been working actively for two years among peasants, workingmen, and soldiers. She is a college student



A GROUP OF REVOLUTIONARY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

ideas of freedom for which they all were struggling. They spoke out of intense belief, intense devotion, with fire, eloquence—and the two thousand girls listened to this exposition of political principles as an American audience only listens at the most thrilling moment of a thrilling play.

Few in the crowd would have seemed pretty to the conventional eye; not one would have made a "pretty girl" cover for a popular magazine. The Russian students have not the carriage nor the erect figure that characterize the American girl, neither have they achieved any mastery over the art of dress. They are so absorbed in mightier things that dress claims their last thought; in fact, a certain scorn is felt for fripperies and ornaments—to give time to such borders on the unpatriotic. A plain waist and a plain skirt, taking the minimum of time at the toilet, satisfy them. But beauty of an unstereotyped kind they do have. Theirs is the beauty of intelligence, of a quick, intense, sympathetic mind illumining the face—of an exalted, martyr-like spirit unmatched in the world.

These student-revolutionists have a poignant hunger for education, not only for its own sake, but because education will increase their efficiency as clandestine teachers of the masses. At our distance from Russia the woman revolutionist who stands out most distinctly is the woman that throws the bomb. But the woman whose energy expresses itself in terrorism is but one in a thousand. The great work is educational: implanting in the people a knowledge of better conditions elsewhere, and then rousing in them an unquenchable determination to secure better conditions for themselves. This is the work that the thousands do. Often the desire to do this is agonizing in its keenness. "To explain things clearly, simply, to the people one must know so much!" exclaimed a gentle eighteen-year-old girl to me. "And I know so little—so very little. I can hardly sleep for thought of my ignorance, of the little I can do!" The tears ran down her face as she spoke—yet the girl was a brilliant student, a leader among her fellows, an effective teacher of secret groups.

No suffering, no sacrifice is great enough to balk the efforts of these girls to gain an education. Russian students are the poorest in the world. What with those whose parents are too poor to help them with a single ruble, and those whose parents are too conservative to give them any aid, a large part of the girls literally starve their way through college. Their main support is gained by giving private lessons in families of the well-to-do. A girl with a pupil that pays her seven or eight dollars a month considers herself well off—though perhaps to give her lesson she may daily have to walk miles across the city and back again through bitter winter weather. Tea and bread, that is the fare; the room is a bare place to sleep in the cheapest workingmen's tenement. Often a girl, through the loss of her pupil, has not even this poor food and lodging. There would seem nothing left but to give up. But students are generous, and many a penniless girl sleeps this night on one friend's floor, another night on another floor, sharing with her friend the scanty bedclothes, sharing the even scantier bread.

There is nothing spectacular about the work of the thousands. That work is wearying, dangerous routine. The women are impelled by no hope of glory—merely by their gripping ideas, by their great yearning to see freedom enter the land, to see the burdens of misery lifted from their people. The Government realizes the danger to itself of their work, and opposes this secret education with all the might of prison, exile, bullet, and scaffold.

VERA FIGNER

A noblewoman recently released after having been held in prison for twenty years

A few glimpses of this routine work will suggest what the thousands are doing. One girl rises to the forefront of my mind—quiet, simple, with brown eyes and fresh, spiritual face. Her parents, who were rich, had adopted the usual expedient of cutting off her supplies to balk her revolutionary interest; yet her stuffy room, no larger than a bath-room, and the literal crusts that were her food, never made her long for her former comforts that could be hers again if she would only yield.

Four or five nights a week she spent in teaching groups of workingmen and soldiers. One night, with a shawl wound about her head to make her seem a working-girl, she took me to one of her meetings—an hour's walk along the Neva River, then through dark, narrow streets, whose broken sidewalks kept us always stumbling, then into a black courtyard and up a broken stairway, and finally, after a peculiar knock and the calling of a password, into a room lighted by a little tin lamp on a bare table. Our host was a hairy, bearded carpenter in a blue blouse. The room had, besides the table, a tattered bed, one chair, and two or three boxes, and half a dozen gilded ikons on the wall. Over the single window was an old quilt, that the light might not tell tales to the watchful police. Two soldiers were waiting, and in the course of half an hour four others came cautiously in, one at a time. To have come openly in a body would have aroused suspicion, caused arrest and heavy punishment for all.

She spoke to them in a low voice, barely above a whisper, in the simple language one uses to a child. First she spoke of Christ, trying to correct some of the malignant teachings of the official church; she told them that Christ had not ordered the Jews to be killed, as they had been taught, that Christ did not authorize the Czar's oppressive rule. Then she told them of the better conditions that would exist when liberty was won. For three hours she spoke—simply, clearly, with burning enthusiasm; and the peasant soldiers, putting frequent questions, listened with all the eagerness of their childlike soul to the new world being opened to them. And for those three hours it was forgotten that this meeting was criminal—forgotten that the Czar's hundreds of thousands of spies were prowling everywhere for their prey.

She arranged for a meeting in their barracks on the following Sunday, she to come in the rôle of a soldier's sweetheart. Then the soldiers slipped away, one by one, and after a time we followed them into the blackness; and for my part I half expected every instant that a squad of gendarmes would rise out of the night and surround us. But, despite this fear, I could not forget the meeting in the barracks she so eagerly had planned—for to talk liberty, the overturning of Czarism, to the troops is one of the supreme crimes. Many girls captured in the barracks have met their fate in twenty-four hours—a volley from a squad of soldiers.

"You know the danger," I said. "Are you not afraid?"

"Yes."

"And yet you go!"

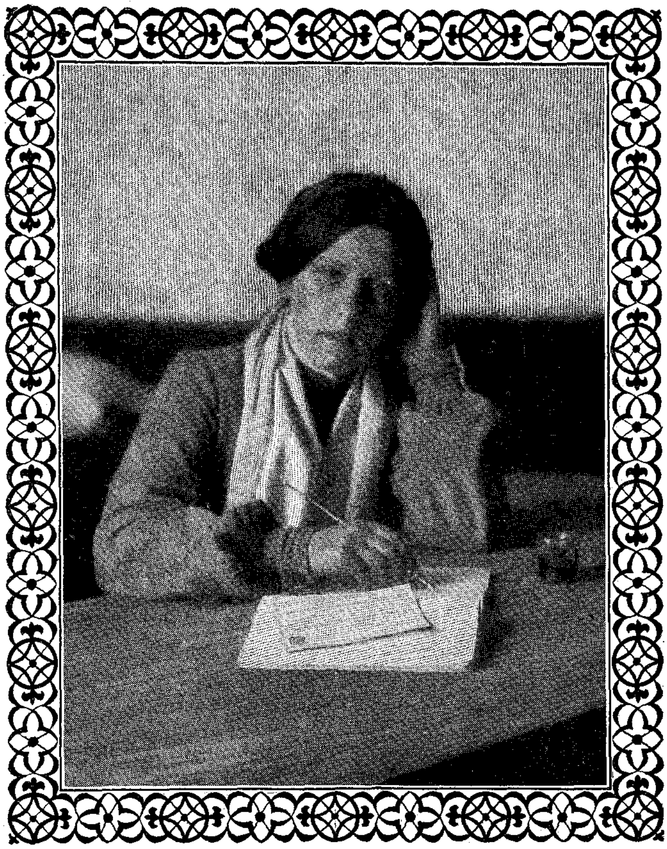
"The work has got to be done," she answered in her quiet manner.

The work has got to be done: the same conviction is the impelling force that sends young women (and men too) on a similar mission among the hundred million peasants. The Government, on its side, is straining itself to keep the revolutionary ideas from spreading into the country, and so the whole countryside is covered with soldiers, Cossacks, rural police. Wherever these women missionaries move, they have to be always on the alert against this great guard, which is always on the alert for them.

In Moscow I called one day on a young woman who had been doing this kind of work and who at that time was in danger from the police. As I was admitted into the hall of the home where she lived, I saw through the open door of the drawing-room two sleek officials in uniform and two flawlessly dressed women sitting about a tea-table, all smoking Russian cigarettes in Russian fashion. They were the Czar's own people.

"How do you come to be living here?—in the very lion's den?" I demanded, in amazement, when we were in her room.

"It's the safest place in Moscow for



MARIE SPIRIDOVNA

The most famous of present-day women revolutionists. She was sentenced to death for shooting a brutal vice-governor, but public sentiment was so strong in her favor that the Government dared not execute her; and she was sent to hard labor in Siberia

me," she laughed. "Who'd dream of looking for me in an official's house!"

This young woman told me the following experience—in a low voice, lest the four in the drawing-room might overhear: "Early last summer I went into the country, in a coarse, shapeless peasant dress. When I came to a village I usually would start to talk in its one long street, and soon a crowd would gather. But if there was a guard, I would find a friendly man—perhaps in the preceding village he had been recommended to me—and this man would invite a few friends to his one-room hut of logs or clay to meet his "cousin." There would be a little tea, so that if the police came we could quickly turn ourselves into a harmless social gathering in honor of the peasant's relative.

"How eager they were to hear what I told them! For they are so poor—so unbelievably poor!—and of course they have no greater desire than to get out of their misery. A large percentage of our peasants, even when harvests are good, working their best, make no more than one hundred rubles a year—and a great part of that goes for taxes. Meat they taste but three or four times yearly, and even of coarsest food they have not half enough. And in the frequent famine years they have nothing, nothing!—they mix the scanty, rotten flour the Government gives them with straw, seeds of weeds, bark, and even earth. I told them they lived in such misery because the Government robbed them, because it kept them in ignorance, and thus kept them from learning modern methods of agriculture; and I told them how much better off they would be if the Government was run in their interest instead of in the interest of the officials, if the taxes

A TYPE OF THE YOUNG WOMEN UNIVERSITY STUDENTS WHO TAKE ACTIVE PART IN THE REVOLUTION

they paid were spent on roads and education instead of on soldiers and guns to keep them in submission.

"Nowhere were the peasants so eager to hear as in the village that had been visited by 'pacification expeditions.' In these villages the Cossacks had flogged every man and woman on the bare back, had shot down many, had burnt scores of homes—this for the purpose of teaching the people how to be content. But these people of scarred backs were in a fury.

"'How can we throw off these masters?' they asked.

"'Wait,' I answered, 'wait till all are ready. Then—act together.'

"Again and again a village policeman would try to seize me, but he was helpless against the crowd which always stood by me. Once a policemen sent word to a neighboring village where Cossacks were stationed. The Cossacks came—but did not find me. A peasant had hid me in his haystack, and there I lay, almost suffocated, for a day, till the Cossacks rode off. Another time a meeting I was holding was raided, but the soldiers found no speaker. In me they saw only a simple, awkward peasant girl, and they let me go.

"When I finished in a village, one of the peasants would drive me miles across the houseless fields to the next thatched village—in a little jolting wagon, made without a scrap of iron, drawn by a half-starved, stunted horse. Everywhere the peasants were most kind. They shared their best with me—but that best would be the worst anywhere else in the world. My food was black bread and thin, watery cabbage soup, eaten with the rest of the family out of the common family bowl; and my bed was a space on the earthen floor of the one room, in which often more than a dozen slept.

"Thus I went about till the bad weather came, visiting a village every day, sometimes two villages. And thus did dozens of my acquaintances, and hundreds and hundreds of other women and men. In time this work will count. When the peasants rise—rise all over the land—then will the Government be helpless! Then will it fall!"

On a fiercely snowy night I was taken by a man revolutionist to a meeting in the suburbs of Moscow. A long drive in a little toy sled, a long walk, and we were in the side room of a workingman's tea-house. The half-dozen tables were covered with dirt-browned cloths; the floor was carpeted with sawdust; in a corner, with a little smoking lamp before it, was hung the never-absent ikon. One by one workingmen entered furtively, till there were a dozen. Here, where any spy or passing policeman might see them through the unshaded window, they were safer than in a private house, for they looked to be merely the usual tea-room group. But nevertheless they were all apprehensive, for in the law's eye their purpose was criminal.

Steaming glasses of tea were brought in, a guard was set at the crack of the door, and the revolutionist began. Suddenly the guard gave a quick word of warning, the revolutionist's whispered discourse snapped off, and the men began to sip their tea in fearful unconcern. There was a tense moment, then into the room walked a young woman in a short, ill-fitting black jacket, with a shawl wound tightly about her head. A factory girl, I guessed. "Comrades," she said, shook hands with all, and sat down. My friend's talk flowed on. Then the young woman took up the theme and presented it clearly, ably—and I knew she was not of the factory.

Two hours later we were out in the snow-driven street. The girl told me she was a medical student in her last year; that almost every night she talked to groups of workingmen. At a dark place in the street she paused, looked to see that no one was in sight, then made a quick transformation. Off came the shawl from her head and went inside her jacket. From within the jacket came a fur cap, and the next street lamp showed me that beside me was a very pretty girl.

One result of their constant self-denial is that many of the women regard even ordinary comforts with a stubborn contempt. We were all hungry, and I asked this girl to join us at supper in a restaurant. "I'd like to talk," she said, "but to sit in a restaurant where we can talk only commonplaces, I can't stand that. I haven't eaten in so stupid a way for years."

The women with names, those whose hatred of the Government has concentrated in a single act which has lifted them out of the crowd and given them a niche in history—these are of the same fiber, have done the same routine work as the nameless thousands. All of Zinaida Konniplannikova's twenty-seven years, save for her last act, were common enough. The interest of her life is in that it is so typical, and because it illustrates anew how that extreme revolutionist, the terrorist, is developed.

Zinaida, at the beginning of her active career, was a village school-teacher, inspired with desire to vitalize the dull, rigidly restricted course of studies, and to bring some pleasure, some development, to the life-denied peasants. She enlarged upon the prescribed school programme; at night she gave talks, readings, even arranged simple theatrical performances, for the old people. The people were pleased. But not so the village authorities. The minister, the policeman, the school inspector, denounced her to their several chiefs. She was constantly harassed by officials, and in the end thrown out of the school system.

Her experience as a teacher convinced her that spiritual and mental development of the people would not be possible until conditions had first been established which allowed Russians freely to think about and work for such development. She became a revolutionist. Shortly after she had been barred out of her profession she was cast into prison and held there for a year; then was freed, only to be immediately thrown back for another year.

All her soul had been roused by the cruelty of General Minn during the

Moscow uprising in the winter of 1905-6. He had killed right and left; not only the guilty, but the innocent; not only the men, but the women and children. It was he that gave the order: " Prisoners should not be held. Act without mercy." She decided to end his cruelties by ending him. In the late summer of 1906 she went to Peterhof, a suburb of St. Petersburg, where he was staying; she lived near him, studied his habits, laid her plans. Finally, one morning, in company with a comrade, at his regular hour of leaving she walked up to his house, one hand on a pistol in her pocket, the other carrying a velvet work-bag in which was a bomb.

The street was empty; all seemed specially prepared for her deed. But in a neighboring home lived two little children, who, despite their short acquaintance, had come to love Zinaida. Just as General Minn came out, just as she was nerving herself for the deed, these two children sighted her, and came running forth and threw their arms about her skirts. She hesitated—then lifted the work-bag high above their heads.

" I cannot—the children," she said to her companion; and General Minn passed by in safety.

That afternoon General Minn was to go to St. Petersburg, and she waited for him on the railway platform, her left hand on the pistol in her pocket, in her right the harmless-looking work-bag. She had decided to use the bomb, for the bomb allowed her a chance of life, the pistol none; in the terrific uproar and confusion following the bomb's ex-

VERA SASULITCH

The first of the women terrorists. In 1878 she shot at General Trepov, Prefect of St. Petersburg (father of the late Governor-General of St. Petersburg), and was acquitted, with the approval of the entire jury. Since then political offenders have been tried by special courts plosion she might escape. But when Minn appeared two women were with him. The bomb would give her a chance to escape, but would be the death of the women. Zinaida decided against herself; pistol and bomb exchanged hands.

As General Minn fell, soldiers rushed upon her. "Take care—it's a bomb!" she cried, holding up the bag. The soldiers shrunk back. She carefully deposited the bomb on the platform. "Now take me," she said. And at dawn, on the 10th of September, 1906, in the yard of the famous Schlusselburg prison where so many political prisoners have rotted away, she died on the scaffold. Died serenely, with but a single regret—the regret she expressed in the closing words of a wonderful speech she made at her trial: "Wherever I may chance to die, in prison, on the gallows, in the mines of Siberia, I shall die with but one thought: Forgive me, my people. I can give you so little—only my life!"

No woman since Sophie Perovskaya has so stirred Russia as Russia was stirred two years ago by Marie Spiridonova, a delicate, slender girl of twenty. Like Zinaida Konniplannikova, she was a school-teacher, and she also found her educational attempts balked by the officials. She had been eagerly devoted to her books, had been eager to become a doctor, but the revolutionary spirit claimed her and swept from her all thoughts of self.

Luchenovsky, vice-governor of the province of Tambov, had gone through the countryside waging on the unarmed peasants a merciless, savage war. "Pacification" is the soft official term for such work. He flogged whole villages, burnt houses and crops, shot men and women for slight offense or no offense, gave over women to soldier lust. Marie Spiridonova decided he should do no more of this bloody work. Dressed in the uniform of a gymnasium student, she waited on the platform of a station where she knew he was to take a train for the city of Tambov.

When the burly vice-governor appeared, Marie fired five shots into him. As the soldiers rushed upon her, she tried to send the sixth bullet into herself. Capture would mean torture to extract revolutionary secrets, and she preferred death by her own hands. But she was too late—the pistol was sent flying from her hand. She was knocked down, beaten, kicked, her senseless body dragged about by the hair—and later, in her prison, she was ravished by the two officers who had charge of her.

Death was the verdict pronounced upon her, but Russia was so sympathetic with her act, was so stirred by the outrages she had suffered, that the Government dared not carry out its sentence. She was sent where have gone hundreds of thousands of Russia's brainiest and noblest—to Siberia.

Standing before her judges, her brown hair combed low to hide the heel scars on cheek and forehead, she said with lofty calm: "I do not fear death. You may kill my body, but you cannot kill my belief that the time of the people's happiness and freedom is surely coming—a time when the life of the people will express itself in forms in which truth and justice will be realized—when the ideas of brotherhood and freedom will be no more mere empty sounds, but part of our every-day real life. If this be truth, it is no grief to lay down one's life."

Naturally, it is the young that are most swayed by the spirit which vibrates through these words; for it has ever been youth that has been most ready to lay down its life for a cause. But this spirit lives also among the old. One cannot forget Catharine Breshkovsky, "Grandmother" the revolutionists call her, after her forty years of activity during which she suffered every punishment short of death, still continuing in the struggle with unabated zeal, and now at sixty-five lying in the fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul awaiting what will doubtless be her last sentence. And I can never forget one gentle-faced old revolutionist I met in St. Petersburg—so crippled, so twisted, by labor in the mines that she left her bed only for a wheeled chair. Her one child, a daughter, was in prison, and she was living in daily dread of the sentence. "If I could only take her place!" the old woman said to me, tears in her faded eyes. "But—if it will bring Russia one day nearer to freedom, I gladly give my child!"

A DAY OR TWO IN VENICE

BY HENRY HOYT MOORE

ILLUSTRATED WITH GUM PRINTS BY THE AUTHOR

"GOING to Venice is just as easy as going to Newark, New Jersey," said the matter-of-fact tourist agent to whom I had spoken with bated breath about a trip to Venice, because it was a great event in my life. To him all places were alike. "We make out a round-trip ticket, and all you have to do is to take the steamer and the trains, and there you are," he went on. It certainly seemed easy. The writing of the check that was to pay for the trip was more difficult. But with the exchanging of the check for the

SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE

ticket came a certain elation of spirit which possesses a man when fortune decides that he is to see something really worth while during his vacation. The critical element subsides. Things take on a roseate hue that dissipates pessimism as sunshine dispels darkness. It is worth working hard for eleven months or even eleven years to get the joyous reaction that comes from the prospect of a month's idleness in a foreign land. Idleness! Absence, rather. What hard-working American can ever be idle? When I planned my trip, there were so many places that I felt could not be left unseen that my mentor in the tourist ticket office said, as he scanned my itinerary and heard when I wanted to be back home, "Well, you can do this, but you'll have to hustle!" But who minds hustling when he is finally to see Venice! Anyway, the habit of hustling is pretty well fixed in most of us over here; and when the hustling is to be for pleasure, why not hustle, and with redoubled fervor?

I had seen in my Baedeker, which all conscientious tourists read in advance of their trip and then largely forget, the statement that one can see Venice in three or four days, but that to see it adequately requires ten days or more. I could not possibly spend ten days there. I was therefore agreeably surprised, when I had crossed the ocean and was fairly on the way to my enchanted city, at the remark of a Venetian lady whom I met on a railway train in Austria, and to whom, through good fortune, I obtained an introduction. Being a Venetian, she was not too enthusiastic over her own city—we seldom are over the places where we have always lived. "Why, certainly," she said in charmingly accented English, in answer to my question; "you can see all that is worth seeing in Venice in four days or less; most Americans do not stay so long. If you will give me your Baedeker, I will mark the places that are really worth while." It dashed my enthusiasm a little to hear that there was anything in Venice that wasn't worth seeing, but I accepted the underlined information and some penciled additions with the gratitude that was befitting. But I soon found myself envying those fortunate possessors of unlimited leisure who can squander ten days on their Venetian sightseeing!

The elation of spirit that I have spoken of prevents one, perhaps, from getting a just impression of a foreign city. Everything seems bright and beautiful, because one is happy in his holiday. The visitor to Venice is particularly susceptible to the influence of this psychological sunshine. No other city, perhaps, so stirs the imagination. In vain the traveler's friends have told him that the palaces are dingy and the canals smell bad, that the mosquitoes are rapacious and the shopkeepers extortionate. The uplift of the spirit combines with the magic of the city's fame to shut these things out from consciousness even if they exist. If one made a long stay—the ten days, for instance, of that leisurely traveler!—possibly he could see the disagreeable side of Venice. I could not. I had time only to see the agreeable.

Of course Venice differs from one's preconceptions of it. Every place does. Somehow I never had thought of it as being a city of workers. But it is really a busy manufacturing center, with shipyards, glass works, and lace-making establishments that employ a host of artisans. I had thought of Venice as being a city of the past, and it is really very much alive in the present. But then its real greatness does lie in the past, and one can get right into the spirit of that past in almost any part of it. Churches and palaces and monuments and bridges everywhere remind one that he is in a city with a history. And while one has to look a good while to find anything that matches, say, a Turner's conception of Venice, such scenes are doubtless there, if one could choose the moment and the circumstances.

Coming to Venice over the railway across the Lagoon is not the most romantic way of getting a first impression of the city; and a conversation I had with a German fellow-traveler was calculated to bring one down to earth with celerity. "You haf alvays to pay dose gondoliers too much, or dey vill svear at you," was his comment on the manners of the gondoliers. He was speaking, he said,

ALONG THE GRAND CANAL

THE RIALTO BRIDGE

from disillusionizing experience; and though his remark took away something of the glamour that surrounded the gondolier in my fancy, there proved to be a measure of truth in it. As it is not my practice to withhold a customary *pourboire*, I never really tested the gondolier's capabilities as an artist in vituperation. The gondolier who took me from the railway station to the hotel was, indeed, extremely polite, perhaps in the expectation of favors to come; he was evidently a man of parts and a good judge of nationalities, for he began at once to call attention in broken English to the many famous places that were passed on the Grand Canal, laying special emphasis on the palaces that were occupied by Lord Byron and by Browning; and as the destination was neared, he said, in wheedling tones, "Ze signor will gif ze gondolier a drink of wine?" I did not then know, as I learned later from a physician of Venice, that the Venetian water is most excellent and helps to make Venice one of the healthiest cities of the world; I therefore responded somewhat generously, and received the gondolier's hearty thanks in return. Other experiences, however, made me realize that my German friend was right in asserting that the gondoliers as a class are very insistent on getting all that is coming to them and something besides, and do not hesitate to speak freely if their demands are not fully satisfied. Fortunately, though, they do not use English objurgations, and the flowing Italian syllables of abuse might well be mistaken by the economical traveler for a blessing.

The average gondolier is a picturesque-looking fellow, but the smartest and handsomest ones seem always to be in the service of the old Venetian families. A pair of these, in their costumes of white, bending in unison over the oars of a fine private gondola on the Grand Canal, make a spirited moving picture. But most visitors find the gondolas themselves disappointing in their uniformity. Except in the matter of fittings, they seem all alike. Why must they all be painted a dead black? Why should they not appear in all the colors of the rainbow, like the painted piles before the palaces, which to an unromantic companion of one of my expeditions suggested barber's poles, though they are said really to bear the colors of the coats of arms of the owners? Tradition ascribes the black gondolas to the great plague which decimated the population of Venice in the seventeenth century, and the consequent requirement that the gondolas should be dressed in mourning. Tradition also ascribes the wearing of black shawls by the women of Venice to the same blighting pestilence. Some deep-seated feeling must be behind these customs, for the black gondolas are somber and the black shawls are inconvenient as well as lugubrious. These shawls have a knotted fringe, which often catches on the buttons of the passer-by. This happened to me once while I was walking, in company with an acquaintance who spoke Italian, on one of the innumerable narrow streets in the poorer quarter of the town. As the woman thus accidentally entangled stopped to disengage herself, she said to me smilingly in fluent Italian, "I don't think I owe you anything, Signor, but you seem to have caught me." There was no expression of annoyance at the stranger's awkwardness in catching the fringe on his sleeve; in fact, I observed that the entanglement frequently happened where both catcher and caught were Venetians.

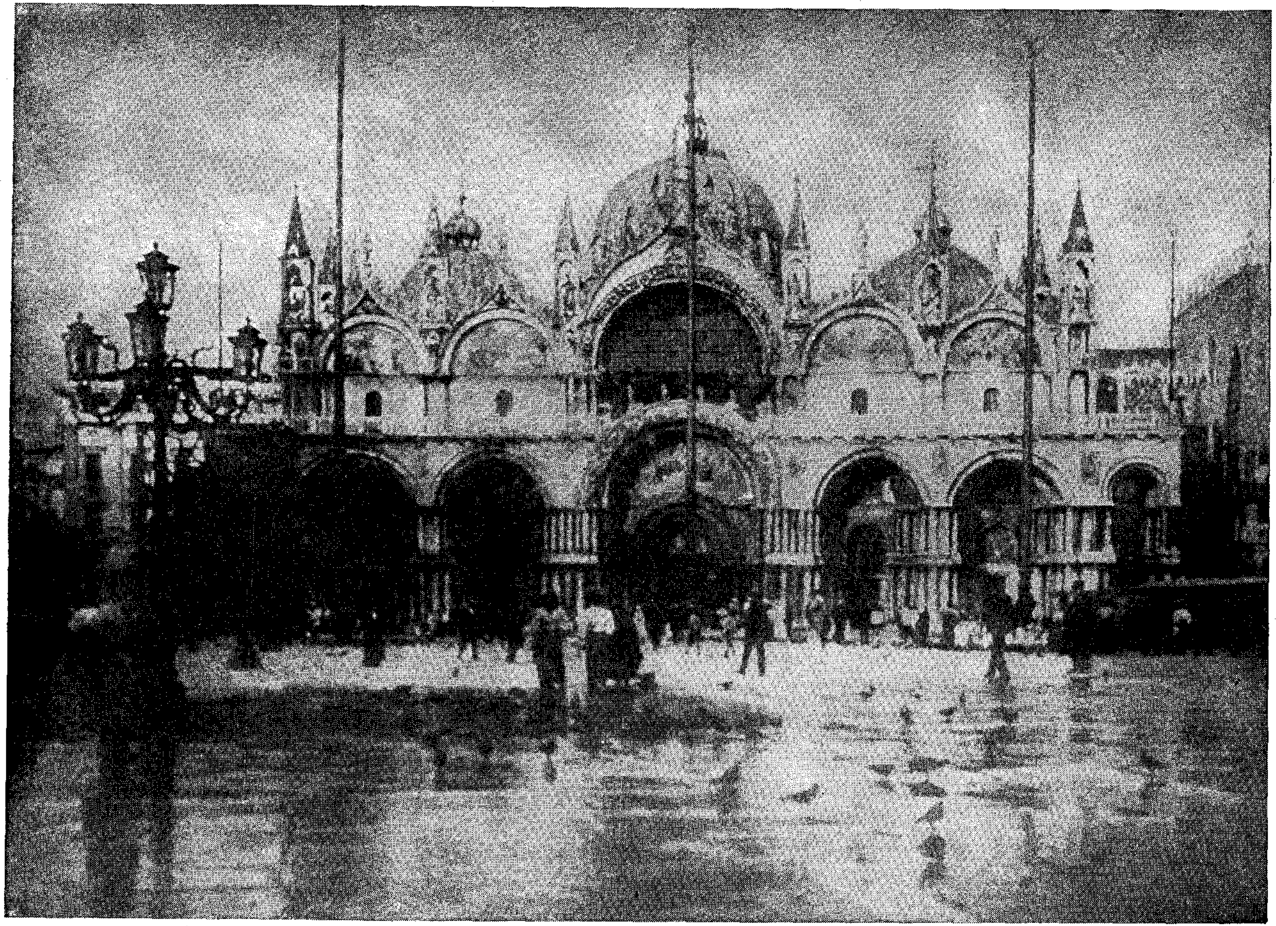
Various stories had been told me about the sweet singing of the gondoliers at night on the Grand Canal. I heard nothing of this on my first night in Venice. The next day I asked the hotel porter whether I should not hear any of these romantic songs from the gondoliers. "Oh, no," he said; "they will not disturb you at all. It is very quiet here, and you will not be annoyed by any noises on the Canal." I learned, however, from another source, that during festival times the gondoliers are more musical than when about their ordinary day's—or night's—work.

It certainly seems sad to think that the fine old houses of the princely Venetians are some of them turned into boarding-houses and hotels; but then it gives one a thrill to realize that he is dining in the richly decorated hall of an old palace, with frescoes on the walls and ceiling, and a loggia at one end for the musicians. And when I went out from my hotel the first evening to go to the Piazza di San Marco, I realized in an instant that I could be in no other place than Venice. For nowhere else could one cross a foot-bridge and see such a church as confronted me. Too many statues and too much ornament it may have had—I later found that it is characterized as "rococo"—but it was old, and time-worn, and so different from our New York churches, and in the twilight it seemed beautiful to me, even if it was called the Church of St. Moses—somehow it jars one to hear Moses called a saint, meek though he may have been. And when one passes on through an archway and comes out into the famous Square, with the crowds and the lights and the music and the wonderful old Byzantine Church of St. Mark's before him, it seems almost a sacrilege to sit down at a table there, in the open air, and order an ice! But then it is a warm summer evening, and the ice is delicious and, for a wonder, cheap—only half a franc, though it is at the famous Florian's—and it all combines to give one a quarter of an hour of most delightful rest and meditation.

The Venetians are art-lovers, if the people of any city are, but are they sure that the new campanile that they are building in the Piazza di San Marco is entirely worthy of its place? The vast bulk of yellow brick that is slowly rising in the great Square seems to many observers to be out of harmony with its surroundings. It dwarfs St. Mark's itself. Built on sixteen thousand piles, it will doubtless stand as long as its predecessor, a thousand years or more; and age may mellow it to something like harmony with the time-stained palaces and churches. It will undoubtedly lend distinction to the city in a distant view; but as one looks at it in the Square itself to-day, it seems huge, massive, and un-Venetian. The ultimate effect, however, one hopes, may be happier, for barely a third of the tower is completed. At present it is the reverse of ornamental.

After seeing St. Mark's Square every one goes to the Rialto Bridge. One has a curious feeling at seeing in reality what has long been familiar in pictures—a feeling something like that one might have in waking from a pleasant dream and finding it true. There stands the famous bridge, throwing its matchless curve of marble across the wide Canal. Only it looks older, larger, and of more solid construction than one has imagined. And who had thought of its being crowded with shops! Not very fine ones, to be sure, but that again shows that Venice is more interested in its own life than in making a show for visitors. The Rialto is near the markets, and is a kind of fair in itself. All sorts of cheap stuffs are sold in its shops, and the foot-path way is gay with calicoes and other dress goods, housefurnishing things, and hardware, all displayed in front of the double row of small stores that line the central promenade of the noble bridge. Hawkers of green figs and other fruits have their baskets here and there, and ply their trade unmolested by Venice's police—if it has any. And then one can leave the busy center of the bridge and go to the promenade on either side and watch the passing gondolas and other craft. As one leans his arms on the broad marble railing, he notices that the near side of this railing has received a high polish from the contact with countless thousands of other arms that have leaned there, their owners bent on a similar diversion. Truly this bridge has had a history and was not built the day before yesterday!

Those who have not visited the City of the Sea often think of it as a place whose streets are all canals, and the means of intercommunication exclusively by water; whereas the fact is that Venetians commonly get about their city by walking, just as people everywhere else do. The gondola is a cab or carriage, an expensive means of transit, a luxury not often indulged in by the masses. For the gondola costs a franc a trip; a steamboat will carry one, in less romantic fashion, a long distance on the Grand Canal for a penny; but it is cheaper still to walk. So the Venetian generally walks. Everywhere there are bridges and streets—or rather alleys—providing



ST. MARK'S CHURCH

AT THE OLD WELL

means of intercommunication; and the houses are numbered, and the streets, as well as the canals, are named. In some way the people learn to thread their way through the labyrinthine windings of the alleys and the campos or squares, guided perhaps by the signs which in recent years have been placed on the corners; what they did in olden times without these signs and without a pathfinder it is hard to understand. I frequently got lost in the mazes of the streets of Venice, but I soon found that I had only to utter the magic words, "Prego, San Marco?" to some obliging bystander, and the direction of the heart of Venice would at once be pointed out. Sometimes I would put the question to a small boy, and he would trot ahead of me in and out through the winding alleys till suddenly we came to the familiar Square, where the urchin received his small reward with the politeness that is characteristic of Venetians of all degrees.

How slipshod seems our American speech compared with the careful accentuation of these Venetians! They, and Europeans generally, enunciate their vowels much more emphatically than do we Americans. We "talk right on, in a monotone," as an Englishman expressed it very justly; while even the common people in Venice use their language in a way that, in its incisiveness, shames the average American. "Pa*pá*, *Lyee*-do!" I overheard a mere baby cry to its father on one of the steamboats bound for Lido, Venice's pleasant watering-place—for even Venice, built on the water, must have its bathing-place by the sea. The words did not need the addition of the child's pointing finger to make them vividly understandable. Few American children would have spoken with such delightful clearness of vocalization.

Some of the most interesting sights in Venice to an American are his own countrymen and countrywomen. They are often very impatient with foreign things and customs, seeming to think it unreasonable that anything should be different from the people and ways at home. But sometimes one meets an American who really has a grievance. One of these I ran across while he was standing on a street corner turning over the leaves of a small pamphlet. We naturally coalesced, and I sought to help him out of his quandary. He was looking for a barber shop. "Why don't they get up some common-sense conversational guides for tourists?" he asked. "This," he said, "is supposed to be a conversation guide in four languages, English, French, German, and Italian. It seems to have been written by somebody who never traveled beyond the school-house door. I just happened to think that I needed a shave, and have been trying to find a barber shop. I can't find any sentence in this book about shaving. I looked for 'barber.' I found 'banker' and 'barley.' Now I might want a banker over here, but what use has a tourist for barley? Then I looked for 'shave' and only found 'share.' Yesterday I wanted to find a store where I could get kodak films. No help in that book. In Italy I find few trainmen who speak English. I look here for such questions as a traveler wants to ask: 'Is this the train for ——?' 'Do I have to change cars?' 'Is there a dining car on the train?' 'Is there a vacant seat here?' I don't find any of these, but instead such foolish things as, 'Let us go and take our places;' 'This carriage is very comfortable;' 'When will the omnibus to the station pass?' and so on. Some sensible American ought to get up a book of this kind, based on a traveler's real needs." I pass on the suggestion to the book-makers.

The traveling American is often regarded as an ignorant rich man—or woman—and is treated as such with good-humored contempt. But nothing can abash the amiable self-conceit of the Americans who have given this reputation to their countrymen. They cannot learn even the wisdom of silence. Wandering through the great halls of the Doges' Palace, I overheard a well-dressed woman, in loud tones and with the unmistakable American accent, address the conductor of a small party of travelers: "Now these Doges you are tellin' us about—were they good men?" The guide tried to ignore the question, but it was repeated with the addition, "Were they good men or were they hypocrites?" The intelligent guide replied after a moment, "Well, madam, I suppose some were good and some were bad, much like the rulers of to-day." A little later the same irrepressible seeker for information was heard asking in the same loud tones, "Guide, what is Renaissance? Is *that* Renaissance?" pointing at a statue. Still, even this kind of tourist must be benefited by the experiences of European travel. Her children will probably know more about Doges and "Renaissance" than she does.

Without desiring to seem unpatriotic or to extol the foreigner unduly, I cannot forbear saying a word in appreciation of the courtly manners and fine presence of the Venetian of the old school that one occasionally sees in his rambles about the city. There is something inexpressibly fine in quality about these dignified, handsome gentlemen. Even when they have "gone into trade" of the retail kind, their lineage manifests itself. I shall not forget the gentleman who answered my inquiry about laces. I went into the store to ask the price of a collarette (I think that is what it is called) that was displayed in the show window. The winning smile and the gracious tones with which I was informed that the price was "one thousand seven hundred francs" almost reconciled me to the fact that that collarette must stay in Venice so far as I was concerned. And the custodian of the private palace that I was privileged to visit! He looked too much like a real Doge for me to offer him a miserable fee. I hope he was not badly disappointed. I could and did fee his assistants, but not the Doge himself!

Of the many places in Venice which appeal to the imagination, one of the most impressive to me was the outer gallery of St. Mark's. I had just walked over the well-worn porphyry slabs that were placed on the very spot where Pope Alexander III and Emperor Frederick Barbarossa met in reconciliation, eight centuries ago. I climbed the stairs alone, and passed around the inner gallery close to those wonderful mosaics that make St. Mark's unique. I went outside and sat on a marble step and gazed at the great bronze horses that once were the pride of some Roman city perhaps in the time of Christ; which then saw the splendor of Constantinople before its capture by the Turk; which were brought to Venice as spoil of war by the Doge Dandolo when he conquered Constantinople in the thirteenth century; which Napoleon saw, coveted, and removed to crown his arch of triumph in Paris; and which were returned to St. Mark's on his downfall in 1814. And just beyond the bronze horses was the Clock Tower, with its giant Vulcans who in turn have struck the hours on the huge bell before them, almost since the year of the discovery of America. What changes they have rung in and out! I thought. There they have stood while Venice was mistress of the seas; through times of battle, of plague, of glorious triumph, and of the glorious sunset of their city. They have been watched and listened to by kings and emperors, and by doges as proud as these. Napoleon gazed on them in the zenith of his power; famous artists and poets, Titian, Cellini, Byron, Browning, Ruskin, have listened to their chimes; the changing throng of soldiers, merchants, and pleasure-seekers that for centuries has crowded that wonderful old St. Mark's Square has looked upon them, fascinated. But they never return the gaze. They are intent only upon their work of pounding out the hours. And there they will be, I mused, for other travelers, in the centuries to come, to see and to muse upon. But suddenly my musings cease, for I have lingered so long that the watchful custodian comes up to the gallery to find whether his solitary visitor has not mounted the bronze horses and, in emulation of Napoleon, galloped off to a foreign land with them. I explain the situation to him in broken Italian eked out by gestures, and then lingeringly bid St. Mark's good-by.

SCHOOL REPUBLICS

BY LYMAN BEECHER STOWE

"EITHER those boys will kill me or I'll kill them! I'm as nearly crazy as a man can be and keep out of an insane asylum," said a distracted school-teacher to Wilson L. Gill, "Father of the School City," way back in 1897. This man had been assistant principal in a school which had the reputation of being the best-disciplined school in New York. He had recently been sent to bring order out of chaos in a school with the opposite reputation. Mr. Gill replied, "Wouldn't it be a good joke to shift the burden on to the boys' shoulders and let them do some worrying?" The teacher agreeing that it would be an excellent joke, Mr. Gill then and there roughly outlined what has since come to be known as the School City method of pupil self-government.

He proposed that the school be organized as a miniature city, with a mayor, judge, city clerk, clerk of the court, police force, etc. There were to be such other features of a city government as could properly find place in the much simpler school community. The officers were to be elected by their schoolmates. Both citizens and officers were to pledge themselves to uphold a charter based upon the Golden Rule. The officers were to have such duties as could properly be given them in the management of the school affairs. The government in all its branches, legislative, executive, and judicial, was to be subject to the supervision and ultimate control of the teachers. It was to give the children a chance to learn by actual practice the legitimate operations of the democracy of which they would one day be citizens. It was to aim at substituting between teachers and pupils friendly co-operation for unfriendly competition. In doing this it was to deprive the teachers of the authority which is rightfully and properly theirs no more than to ride bicycles would deprive them of the use of their legs.

On hearing the scheme the principal said, "I'll try it, but I want two weeks in which to work out the plan, anticipate its difficulties, and know how to meet them." The following Saturday night he said he had puzzled over the thing, but had made no progress whatever. Mr. Gill said, "You have to depend on your native wit to carry you through each day as things are—start your republic and depend on the same wit." He replied, "I'll start next Monday morning," and he did. At once the symptoms of the worst school in town took a turn for the better. Even the toughest boys were gradually transformed from enemies to allies of principal and teachers. Within a few weeks the reputation of the young assistant principal as a successful disciplinarian was established for life.

As a result of this successful experiment, Mr. Gill soon found opportunity to organize another School City in a large immigrant school on the lower East Side. Later, on going to this school to attend some School City exercises, it occurred to him that Mayor Strong might be willing to come. The young School City mayor's eyes glistened at the suggestion. He excitedly wrote a formal invitation from "Joseph Abrahams, Mayor of —— School City, to His Honor William Strong, Mayor of New York City." This invitation he gave to two of the fastest runners in the school, with instructions to run all the way to City Hall. In spite of the crowd of men waiting, they reached the Mayor's secretary. On reading the invitation he smiled and led the panting messengers right into the private office, where the Mayor was closeted with half a dozen men. Mayor Strong requested these men to call later, as a matter that could not wait demanded his immediate attention. Seizing his hat and followed by the boys, he jumped into his carriage and was whisked to the school. He walked into the crowded hall amid the cheers of the children, just after the opening of the exercises. Before leaving he put to the young mayor, the judge,

THE CITY COUNCIL OF A SCHOOL CITY IN SESSION and other little officers such intelligent questions about their duties that Mr. Gill asked him how he could possibly be prepared to ask such questions. He explained, "I spent all yesterday driving with Colonel Waring on a tour of inspection. He talked about half an hour on the work of his department, and all the rest of the time he talked about this School City."

I shall never forget the first school republic I saw organized. I have seen many since, but this was the most dramatic. It was in a large immigrant school in Brooklyn. The principal gathered the boys, to the number of fifteen hundred or more, into the great assembly hall. They were emphatically new Americans. One might hunt in vain for a trace of the old stock. As they came in there was an atmosphere of suppressed excitement. They are more vivid than the children of older American stock. What was it all about? This unspoken question the principal soon answered. In a very few words he explained that he had decided to give them the opportunity to govern themselves, so that they might learn by actual practice how to be useful in the great Republic of which they would one day be citizens. He then introduced Mr. Gill as the man better fitted than any other to help them organize their government.

Mr. Gill showed them that through neglect on the part of large numbers of our best educated and most prosperous citizens there had sprung up in free America—particularly in the great cities—a kind of government known as boss rule, which was a tyranny differing only in degree from that of Russia or Turkey. He showed them that whether these conditions should be better or worse a decade hence depended upon them, upon the school children of America; that they had it in their power either to save American liberty or to let it become a mere tradition of the past; that to do this they must not only want to be good citizens, but that they must learn how to be good citizens, just as they would learn any other art or trade. In conclusion, he asked them if they wanted to help save the people's rights in America by learning to govern themselves? More than fifteen hundred wildly waving hands gave emphatic answer.

Mr. Gill then read a petition for citizenship addressed to those in authority over them. This they were all to sign. He next read the School City model code of laws. Based upon the Golden Rule, it takes up such matters as health, cleanliness, order, public and private property, officers, etc. They adopted it unanimously by a show of hands. Next came the election of officers. Mr. Gill asked them what boy they wanted for their Governor. Every hand shot up and waved eagerly. He called on one boy, and when he named his choice every hand went down except one. That was the hand of the nominee. He was the only boy who wished to nominate any one else. He got every vote in the room. And when his name was announced as Governor there was a prolonged storm of applause. Apparently every boy in the room was instantly eager to give that one boy the highest honor. In practically every School City election there is some one boy or girl who is thus the instantaneous and unanimous choice of all the others for the highest office. The election of the Lieutenant-Governor was all but unanimous. Then came the Secretary of State. He was elected by a large majority. The Chief Justice secured a small majority only. Over the Treasurer, the last officer to be nominated, there was a tie. Another name was called for. On the second vote the second nominee was elected by a scant majority. This is essentially the way the voting runs in all school elections. On my asking the principal what he thought of the officers, he said they were as fine a set of boys as there were in the school; practically the same ones he should have chosen himself.

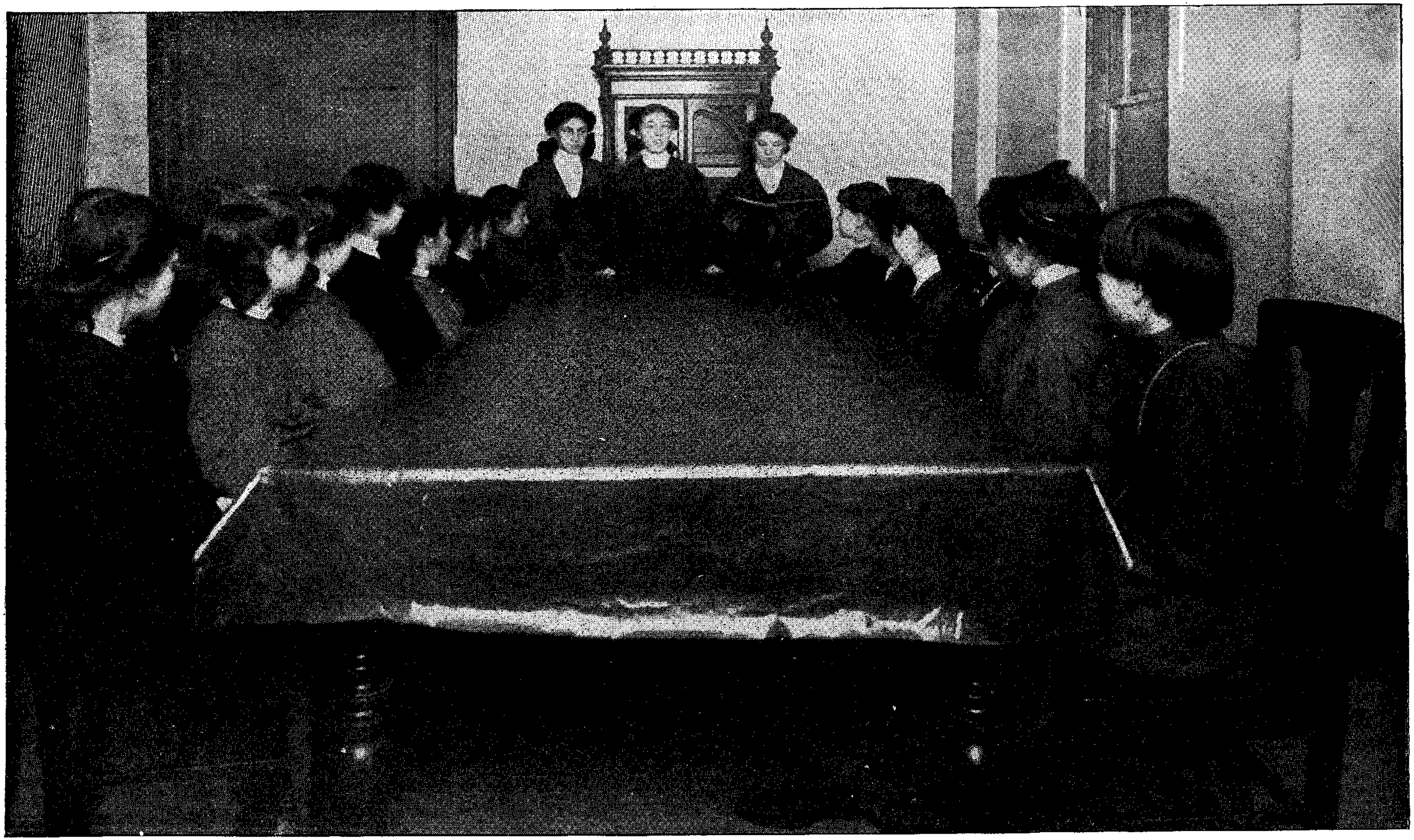
The organization of this school was completed by forming each room into a School City, with a mayor, a judge, a city clerk, a clerk of the court, and a city council. Each three or four rows of desks made up a ward. Two representatives from each of these cities were elected to serve in the state legislature. The several mayors appointed chiefs of police, who in turn appointed police captains and as many policemen as thought best.

Next I visited a large downtown school in Manhattan. Here is a School City of four years' standing. The School City officers, headed by the mayor, a small girl, conducted the opening exercises. As the children marched in, in perfect step and time with the music, the principal pointed out that the only crooked line was in charge of a teacher in the absence of one of the small officials. He went on to say that he had recently tried the experiment of having no teachers present at the opening exercises. So far as the children were concerned the experiment succeeded, but he had to give it up because of the difficulty of finding the teachers when they were wanted. He said, "The teachers are here to keep them out of mischief—not to keep the children out of mischief." This school is organized as a city instead of a state government. In each room there is a president, a secretary, and a treasurer. These room presidents bear to the mayor of the School City the same relation as the Borough Presidents to the Mayor of Greater New York.

After the exercises the principal directed six teachers to leave their rooms, and then sent me, with a small boy as guide, to inspect the six teacherless rooms. In each one I found the president in charge and work going on in as quiet and orderly a manner as possible. When I got back to the principal's office, he told me this story: Some few weeks before one of his teachers had been ill and away. To fill her place the authorities sent an elderly woman, who is on the retired list and acts as a substitute. Realizing that it would be next to impossible to explain the spirit and purpose of the School City to this teacher, accustomed by lifelong habit to old methods, he simply told her that they had a system of self-government in the school; that all he wanted her to do was to hear the children recite and to assign them their lessons. Beyond this she was to do nothing. Let her take a book and read, occupy herself as she chose, but on no account interfere with the discipline. For three days the elderly woman obeyed instructions implicitly. On the fourth, although the order was good, she could stand the strain no longer. Old habits reasserted themselves, and she started in to boss the job in the good old orthodox fashion. To her consternation, chaos ensued. She grew excited and tried violent measures. The chaos turned to riot. The riot turned into open rebellion, until, with mingled fear and wrath, the teacher fled from the pandemonium and sped to the principal's office. The principal lost little time in reaching the seat of trouble. What did he find? The president of the class in charge, the work going on quietly, the room in perfect order. The elderly substitute left the school in bewildered rage.

In the afternoon came a session of the court. The court meets every Friday night after school. I was somewhat surprised to find a girl presiding as judge. There is a tradition that the feminine mind is not judicial. This little judge had a very high forehead, a determined chin offset by large and kindly eyes; altogether a face that suggested strength and a sense of justice mitigated by "the milk of human kindness." The principal said she had been nominated by one of the boys at the last nominating convention in these words: "I think we want a girl for judge, because girls are more merciful than boys and less apt to get mad and act without thinking when they're mad. I think we want Minnie —— for judge, because she's got these good qualities of girls more than most any other girl has." Minnie was nominated and later unanimously elected.

As the ten defendants came forward successively, I was impressed with the rapidity and assurance with which the judge gave sentence. The charges were, "Turning round in line at assembly," "Loud talking during school hours," "Marking school books," "Fooling on the stairs," etc. The judgments varied from acquittals and reprimands to three or four days in the detention-room. In general, the sentences were light for first and heavy for second and third offenses. The three or four day detention-room penalties sounded so drastic that I inquired about them. It appears that the detention-room, instead of being a dun-



THE CITY COUNCIL OF A GIRLS' SCHOOL CITY IN SESSION geon, is a pleasant class-room set aside for the purpose and presided over by a School City official, commonly the chief of police. A day is the half-hour after school which the Board of Education permits children to be detained. As most of the children in this particular school stay after school voluntarily for more than half an hour, it was difficult to see the terror of this punishment. On inquiry, however, I found that this penalty was greatly dreaded because of the disgrace attached to it. Apparently the philosophy of the thing is this: When punished by your teacher, you are a martyr in the eyes of your fellows. When punished by your fellows, you are a disgrace to their community.

Of course no sentence may be executed without the approval of the principal. He stands to the judiciary in the relation of a supreme court. He told me that it had not been necessary for him to reverse or even modify a single decision of the girl judge since her first few weeks in office.

Next to the judge the most interesting figure in court was the sheriff. He was a tough-looking specimen. He would have looked much more appropriate as a prisoner at the bar than as an officer of the law. It appeared that he had scrupulously lived up to his looks until his election as sheriff, since which time he had been a shining example of efficient propriety. There had been not a single case of contempt of court during his term of office. Although far from a brilliant student, he had at least taken to struggling with his lessons. He told the principal he wanted to make a good record as sheriff so that "they" would sometime elect him to an office with more work to it.

A few days later I attended successive meetings of the court and legislature at the large immigrant school in Brooklyn, the organizing of which has been previously described. The court opened with the impressive old English formula, "Hear ye! hear ye! All those having business at this court draw near and give their attendance! let all others depart." A boy judge was on the bench this time. Here again the speed with which business was despatched seemed remarkable. The young judge disposed of eight or ten cases in half an hour. This was the first: "State against David Toborisky. Toborisky stand and come forward." The sheriff led a meek-looking little Israelite to the bar. Taking the warrant from the clerk's hands, the judge said: "David Toborisky, you are charged with a serious offense—that of disturbing the peace of your School City by knocking a grammar, an arithmetic, and a geography out of the hands of one Philip Cohen on Monday at three o'clock in the afternoon in front of this school. You have heard the charge; what do you plead, guilty or not guilty?" The little defendant nervously murmured, "Guilty." "Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced against you?" inquired the judge. The prisoner had nothing to say. The judge then announced his decision:

"David Taborisky, I find you guilty. This, however, being your first offense, the court is inclined to be lenient with you. On Monday morning next you will apologize to Philip Cohen for knocking his books out of his arms. Sheriff, remove the defendant."

Practically all the defendants pleaded guilty. The few who did not had either to produce witnesses or written testimony from their teachers. Ignorance of the law was once or twice pleaded in vain. Every citizen was supposed to inform himself of the laws of the republic. The accusers were as apt to be plain citizens as officers. This is not looked upon as "tattling." Every citizen pledges himself to report at once to the proper authorities any violation of law which he sees. And this they do without any thought of thereby violating the boys' well-known code of honor which so violently condemns "telling on" a comrade. In no case, either, did there appear to be any personal spite between accuser and accused. The penalties vary in this court from a reprimand from the judge to a public reprimand before the whole school in assembly. The only boy who ever received the latter got an A+ in deportment the next month. The usual penalties were one or more demerits which counted against the monthly deportment grades.

The following list taken from the court calendar shows the general character of the *offenses*: "Resisting an officer, striking a boy with a ruler, cheating in a geography test, pushing a boy out of line, shouting 'Fire' during a fire drill, disobeying a mayor, disturbing a class during the teacher's absence, marking a desk, arguing with a teacher." Whenever the judge needed advice, he adjourned the court for a few minutes while he consulted with the teacher who sat with him on the platform and acted as his legal adviser. In this way he avoided pitfalls without compromising the dignity of the court.

This school has two departments: one for boys, the other for girls. The girls have a School State of their own, with their own officers. In order, however, to make the legislation uniform for both departments, all laws must be passed by both the boys' House of Representatives and the girls' Senate, and must be signed by both governors and both principals. In order that the two houses may coöperate intelligently, a small committee from each attends the sessions of the other and reports the proceedings to its own body.

On the adjournment of the court I was taken to a session of the House of Representatives. Imagine between thirty and forty boys, representing five or six different nations and races, ranging between nine and sixteen years of age, conducting business with the dignity of Roman senators and the skill of trained parliamentarians, and you will have a picture of this legislative session. The first resolution was to the effect that no member be permitted to address the chair more than twice on the same subject during the same legislative session. This matter was, I believe, brought up at the close of the last session of the United States Senate at the time of the La Follette filibuster. The boy who introduced the resolution said: "Mr. —— [the principal] can't stay with us after four o'clock. We can't keep on with our meeting after he goes. Now, I think if every member can speak on every bill as often as he wants to, why then we might never get to a vote on any bill before four o'clock. Then a few members could kill any resolution by just keeping on talking. Besides, if members knew they couldn't speak only twice, they would be more careful what they said. Then we could get more business through with in a short time."

The chief argument in opposition ran: "The Speaker is supposed to prevent that sort of thing by having some sense in recognizing members. If the Speaker has got sense enough, why, everything is all right, and we don't have to do anything. If he hasn't got sense enough, why, then we want to get a Speaker who has." After considerable arguing pro and con, a small boy said, "I think this resolution shows it hasn't much sense to it, because so many members have to give more than two arguments before we can tell whether we want to pass it or not." That clinched the matter. The resolution was defeated.

The next resolution was that certain class-rooms be assigned for such pupils to eat lunch in as lived too far away to go home to lunch, the teachers to issue passes for use of these rooms to such pupils only as had good records in deportment, the rooms to be presided over by the Commissioner of Health and his deputies, who should be held responsible for leaving them as clean as they found them. The proposer argued that the basement was dark and dirty, both an unpleasant and an unsanitary place in which to eat lunch. A tall, sallow boy, with a forbidding frown, moved that the resolution be so amended as to omit the necessity for passes. He said, in conclusion, "If the basement isn't healthful enough for good boys to eat lunch in, why, then it isn't healthful enough for bad boys to eat lunch in. A boy with a bad mark in deportment has just as much right to eat his lunch in a decent room as any other boy." The resolution was passed as presented, by a small majority, in spite of this protest.

The Standing Committee on Buildings then entered a resolution to prohibit loafing on the school premises. This resolution was referred, by vote of the house, to the Committee on Supervision of Grounds as being the proper committee to report it. The chairman of the Committee on the Public Health offered a resolution to inspect and supervise the wares of such peddlers as sold candy and fruit within two hundred yards of the school, in order to protect the citizens against unhealthful and poisonous wares. After considerable heated debate, this was defeated as impracticable, on the ground that the school officers lacked both the knowledge to tell whether the wares were unhealthful and the authority to prevent their sale in case they should find them so. The house passed, instead, a resolution requesting the principal to call the matter to the attention of the Board of Health of New York City.

A dapper-looking boy moved that it be made obligatory for every citizen to wear a citizen's badge. He said that since they had officially adopted a badge, every one ought to wear it; that it looked as though they were ashamed of being citizens if they didn't wear it. The Speaker finally recognized the sallow-faced boy, who had been gesticulating excitedly for some minutes. Springing to his feet, he said: "Those badges cost ten cents. I'd like to know if a boy who hasn't got ten cents isn't just as good a citizen as a rich boy? What kind of a republic will we have if we have to pay to be citizens? If we're going to pass laws like this, we better not call our government a republic any more. We better call it a monarchy, and leave the rich boys have whatever they want and leave the poor boys have nothing." This time his protest was effective. The resolution was defeated by a big majority.

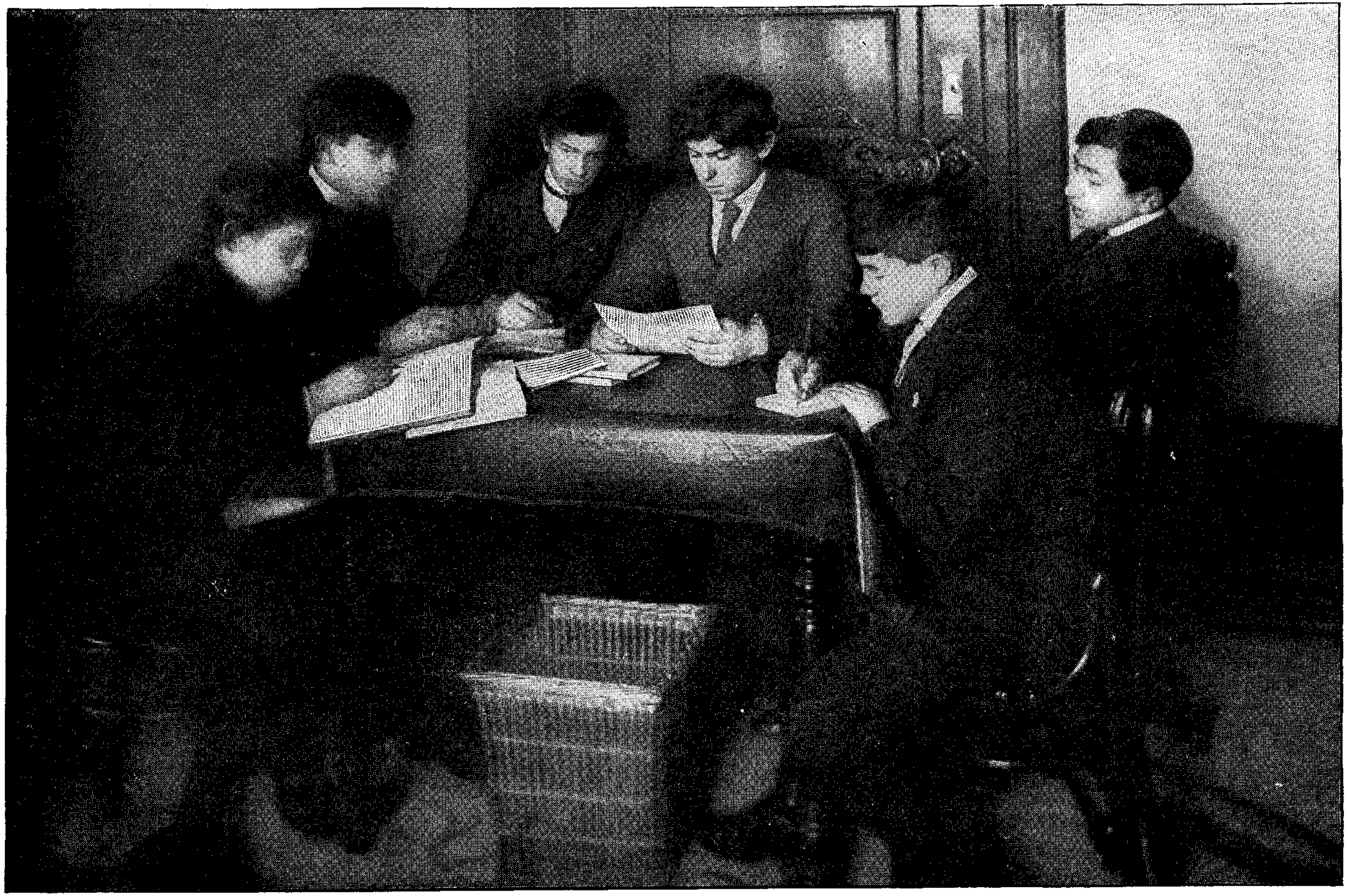
Throughout the session the boys used skillfully division of motion, previous question, point of order, question of privilege, and other parliamentary technicalities. The principal very occasionally gave a word of advice on technical points, such as whether a member was out of order and the like.

While the principal has of course an absolute veto, he explained that he thought it unwise to use it except in an emergency. Such an emergency had never arisen. If a resolution such as he would have to veto seems likely to pass, he addresses the house and points out its objectionable features. In such cases the resolution has either been voted down or so amended as to be satisfactory. Sometimes, too, the principal and a few boys who are particularly in his confidence arrange to have a questionable resolution travel back and forth from one house to the other until it finally expires harmlessly in committee. Whenever members ask the principal for his views on pending legislation, he answers by merely summarizing what he considers the weak and the strong points of the pending measures. He leaves it to them to draw their own conclusions.

The boys initiate about four times as much legislation as the girls. The girls' Senate has shown good judgment in approving or disapproving the resolutions originated by the boys, but its constructive work has been relatively slight and unimportant.

There is a School Republic in a large institution for homeless children in New York, which differs from those described in that it affects the whole life of the children rather than their school life only. This great institution is organized as two School Cities, one of girls, the other of boys. Each is subdivided into wards with twenty-five citizens each. Each city has a city council and each ward a local council. The city council is made up of two representatives from each ward.

One of the great days here is Visitors' Day. Once every two months friends and relatives come *en masse*. There is much hugging and kissing and giving of presents. The children are left with from ten to fifty cents apiece to spend as they please. On these days of rejoicing there was always a dismal little band of youngsters who were perforce merely spectators. They had no relatives or friends; they got no presents or spending-money. A few months after the organizing of the School Cities, a member of the Committee on Entertainments introduced a bill in the boys' city council entitled "A Bill for the Establishment of a Penniless Fund." The bill was to the effect that every citizen who was overlooked on Visitors' Day should receive a ten-cent credit at the School City bank; that such credits should be paid from the funds of the School City treasury, but should be registered as



A COMMISSION PREPARING THE CONSTITUTION OF A SCHOOL REPUBLIC coming from a friend, so that the citizens receiving them should not feel that they were objects of charity. Fortunately, none of the prospective beneficiaries happened to be in the council. The boy who presented the bill said, "We think that it isn't right that on Visitors' Day, when most of the citizens are having fun with their friends and relatives, that there should be a few citizens who are made to feel worse on that day than any other because they haven't any friends or relatives and don't get any presents or any spending-money. Now, we can't make them have friends and relatives to come to see them and give them things, but we can give them a ten-cent credit on our treasury, and we can call it that it's from a friend, so that they will feel they've got a friend after all, and so that they won't think they are getting charity." There was not a dissenting voice. The measure was passed unanimously and with evident enthusiasm.

While we were waiting for the opening of a session of the city council, I asked the superintendent what would happen if the council should pass a law which conflicted with the rules of the institution. He said nothing of the sort had happened since the early days of the School City, two years ago, before the children had learned the limits of their authority. When the meeting opened, a boy introduced a bill that all the boys should wear the collars provided by the institution, except such as went to outside schools. They might, if they chose, wear private collars to avoid the discomfort of being labeled as coming from an institution. He urged that certain boys who could ill afford it were being led into the useless extravagance of buying their own collars and having them laundried at their own expense; that a variety of styles of collars led to confusion on the inspection lines; and, further, that the management disapproved of their wearing clothes other than those provided by the institution. Other boys argued in opposition that because certain citizens could not afford private collars was no reason why those who could should not enjoy them. They pointed out that the boys who could afford it bought candy and fruit, and that collars were no more of an extravagance. When the matter was put to vote, they defeated the resolution by a large majority.

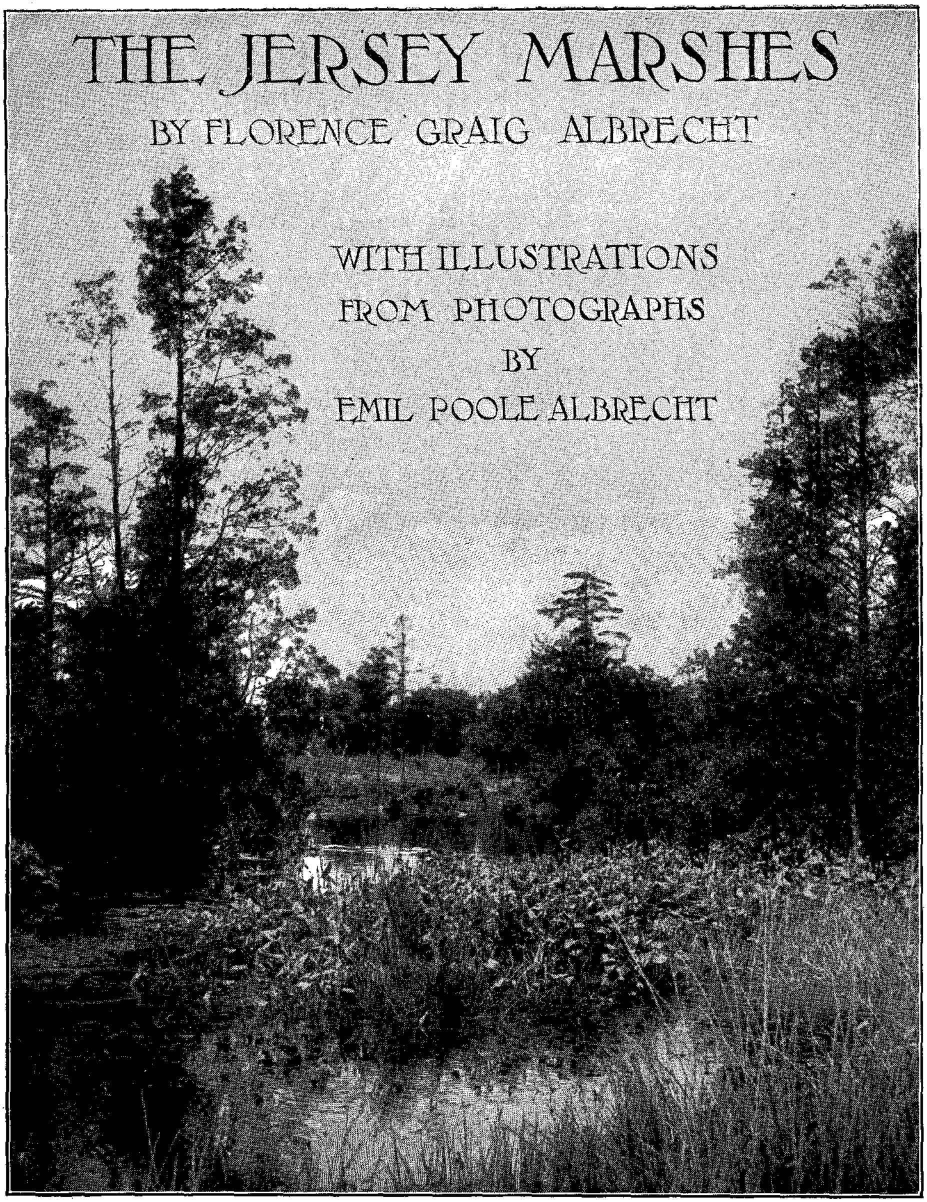
The mayor, who presided, then made a tactful speech, in which he urged the reconsideration of the measure on the ground that the management undoubtedly wished it to pass. They made an immaterial amendment, the bill was again put to vote, and again defeated. At this, the superintendent requested permission to speak. He explained that State governments could not pass laws that conflicted with the laws of the United States; that even Congress could not pass laws that conflicted with the Constitution; that self-governing colonies could not pass legislation hostile to the laws of their home countries, from which they had derived their power; that corporations could not pass laws contrary to the laws of the governments which gave them their charters. Consequently that their council, although free to take what action it saw fit within its jurisdiction, could not pass laws which conflicted with the laws of the State of New York, the city of New York, or the rules of the institution. One of the young legislators immediately moved another slight amendment. The measure was again put to vote, and this time carried unanimously. As I was leaving, the superintendent remarked: "The School City has *dis*-institutionalized our institution and has *dis*-institutionalized every child in it. Higher praise than that I could not give it."

In spite of the obvious tangible achievements of the School City, its chief value is intangible. It is the new spirit it engenders. In schools conducted by the old arbitrary methods there is a kind of inverted *esprit de corps*. The pupils have one code of honor, the teachers another. This often results in the best pupils making the most trouble, in the best teachers being the least popular. All this the School City turns right side up. In School Cities every pupil is a citizen, every citizen is either an officer or a potential officer, and every officer is as interested in having things go right as are the teachers. They are as interested because they are on the same side of the disciplinary fence.

THE JERSEY MARSHES

BY FLORENCE GRAIG ALBRECHT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
EMIL POOLE ALBRECHT



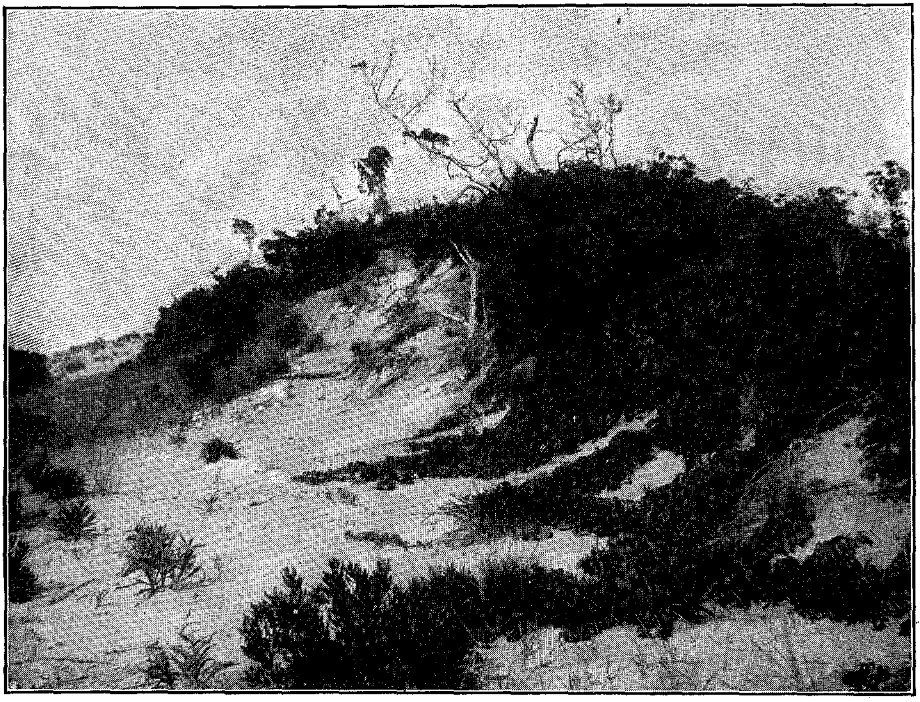
IN the long series of landscapes brought annually to the great art exhibitions of our large cities we have been made familiar with countries and scenes far beyond the ken of home-lovers; we have lingered by Norwegian fjords, have followed the Pardons of Brittany, have reveled in Neapolitan sunsets, and welcomed the fishing fleet home to the sands of Scheveningen; we have climbed mountain peaks and followed watercourses, have shared the labors of peasants in the fields of France and the dangers of the snow-clad Russian steppes, with horses flying before the hungry wolf-pack at their heels; we have seen the rocks of our own Mount Desert and the shores of Lake Michigan, the Palisades of the Hudson, the cañons of the Rocky Mountains, repeated before our admiring eyes; we have enjoyed the color and charm of southern seas and learned the bleakness, the barrenness of the far north. But how few of our

"THE CHARM AND SILENCE AND FREEDOM OF THE GREAT WORLD OUT-OF-DOORS" artists have sought to immortalize a coast so familiar and, to some of us, so attractive as that of our Jersey shore!

The charm of foreign travel, of novelty, of the unfamiliar, is perhaps responsible for artists' and collectors' choice, for certainly the two must agree in just so much as one is dependent upon the other; that precipitous, rocky, smiling Capri, the broad sands and high dunes of Holland, the rock of Mont St. Michel, or quaint Quimper are most picturesque and fascinating to artist and poet no one who has seen them at certain times and under certain lights will ever care to deny; but that our flat, despised Jersey shore can offer much pleasure or profit to sketch-book or canvas will find a legion of doubters.

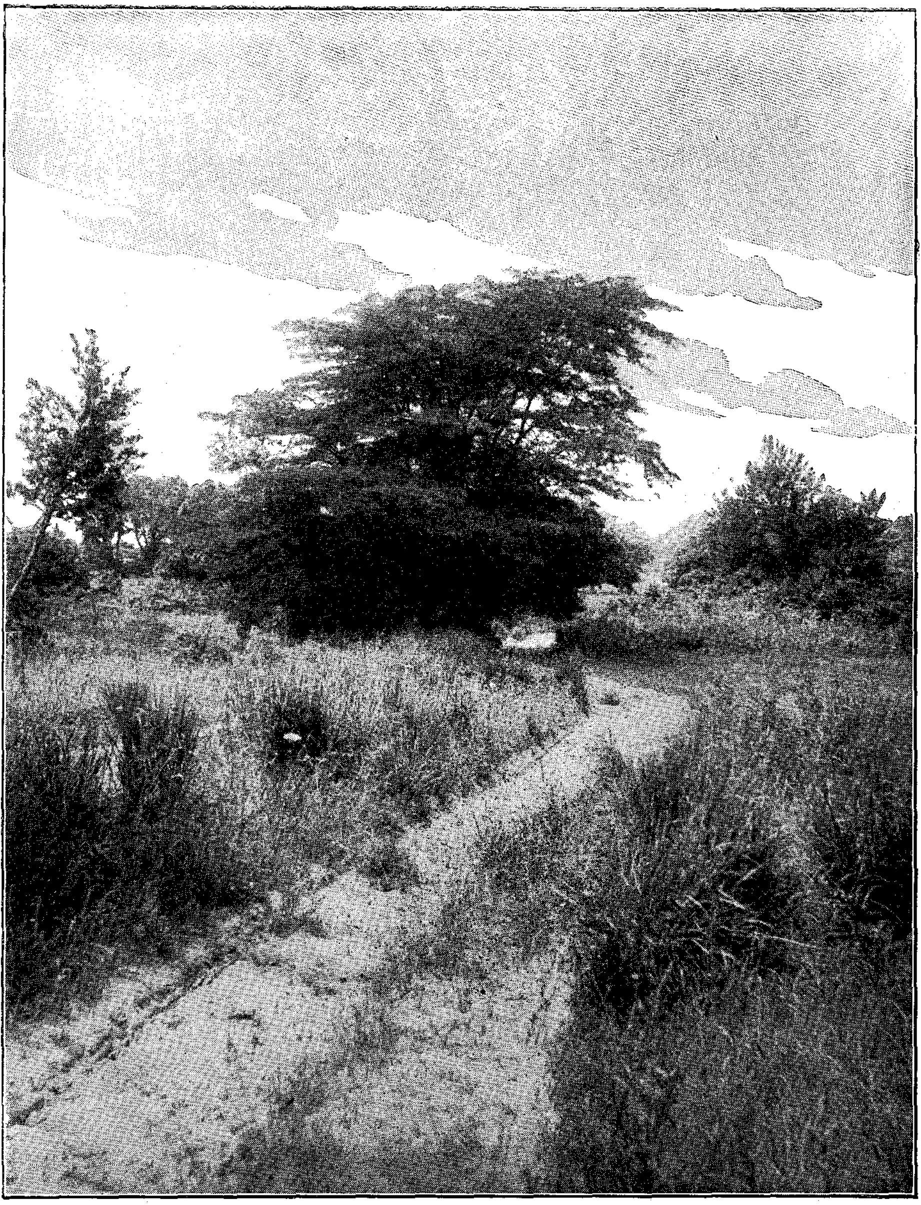
To those to whom this coast means a huge summer resort, gay, showy, noisy; a huddled mass of enormous hotels and cottages peopled to overflowing with a restless, hurrying, excited crowd of holiday-makers; where brilliant sunshine rules all day and the glare of uncountable electric lamps dominates the night; where an unending procession moves to and fro unceasingly as the tides creep up and down the sand, and the din of innumerable bands and hurdy-gurdys gives the air no rest or peace, the simple manner and custom of nature make no appeal though nature lies at their own back door.

Between the summer cities which dot the coast line and over the meadows and pine woods at their rear there still remain—for how long, who shall say?—the charm and silence and freedom of the great world out-of-doors.


"LIKE THE HIGH DUNES OF HOLLAND"

Across the great green salt marshes the argosies of cloudland float softly, lingeringly, regarding their own charming reflections in the blue pools far below, and the soft winds sweep in from the sea toward the hot, dry land beyond, whispering sweet, gentle stories of the ocean to the tall green grasses and rushes, which bend their heads acquiescingly as they pass and send a message perhaps to the grave, dark pine trees which come down almost to the water's edge in their love for the sea.

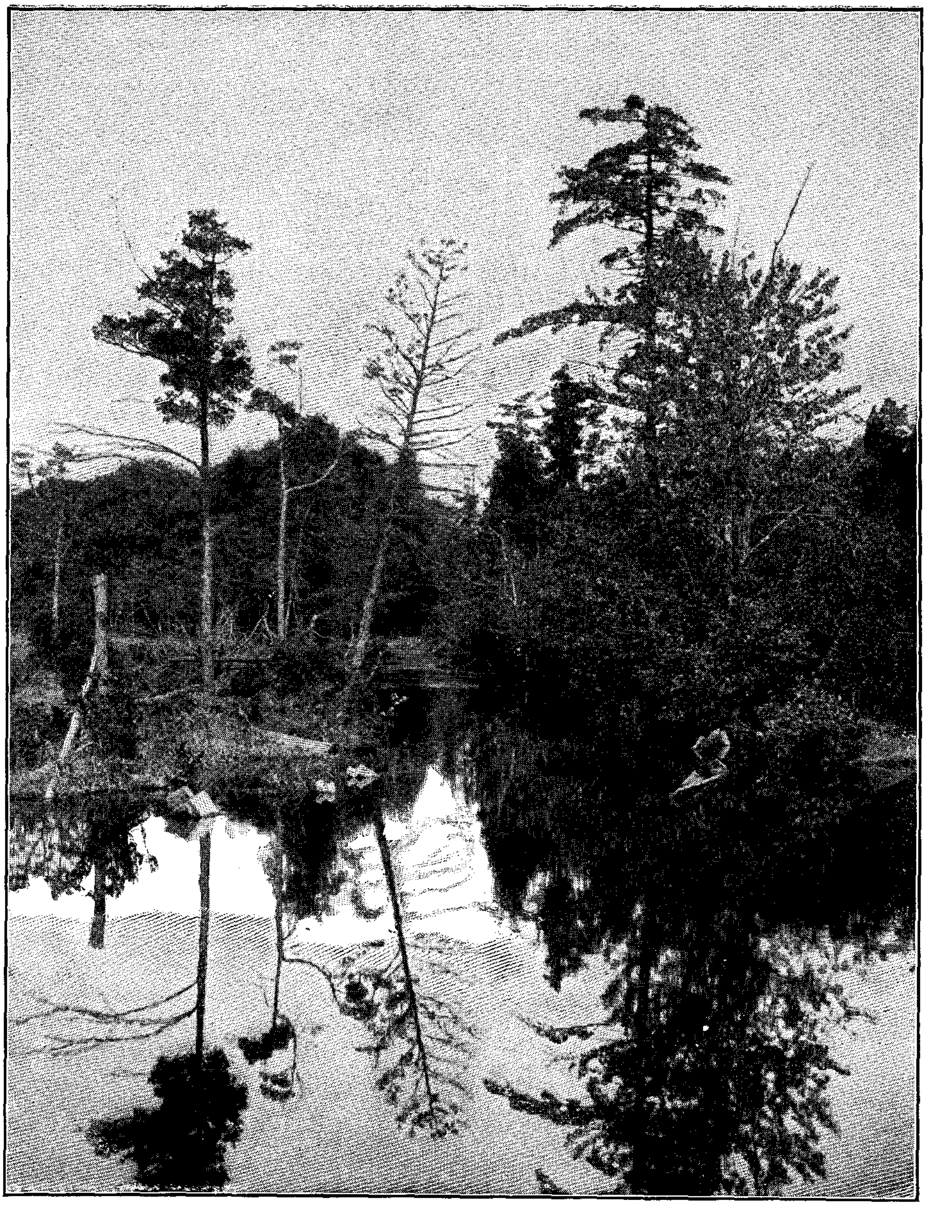
Here are wide willful meadows where rivers come down with their tale of cities and lands far remote from ocean breezes, and sea-tides rush in with the force of



"WHEN ALL THE FIELDS ARE ABLAZE IN MIDSUMMER GLORY"

the great Atlantic behind them to toss the rivers back upon the land and exact more substantial toll from its shore, the playground of every wind-driven current, of every passing summer breeze or wintry blast; where white-winged boats creep cautiously in narrow channels between unstable islands of sedges, or rock at anchor in the curve of some winding waterway; where a long procession of flowers sheet the foreground from the violets and marigolds of early spring until autumn frosts turn the samphire scarlet, with a succession of colors pure and bright and tender as the iris of the French meadows or the cornflowers and poppies of Germany's broad fields, and the whole dome of an ever-changing sky is visible to a far violet horizon.

Beyond them on one hand lies the ocean with its shifting tones of blue and

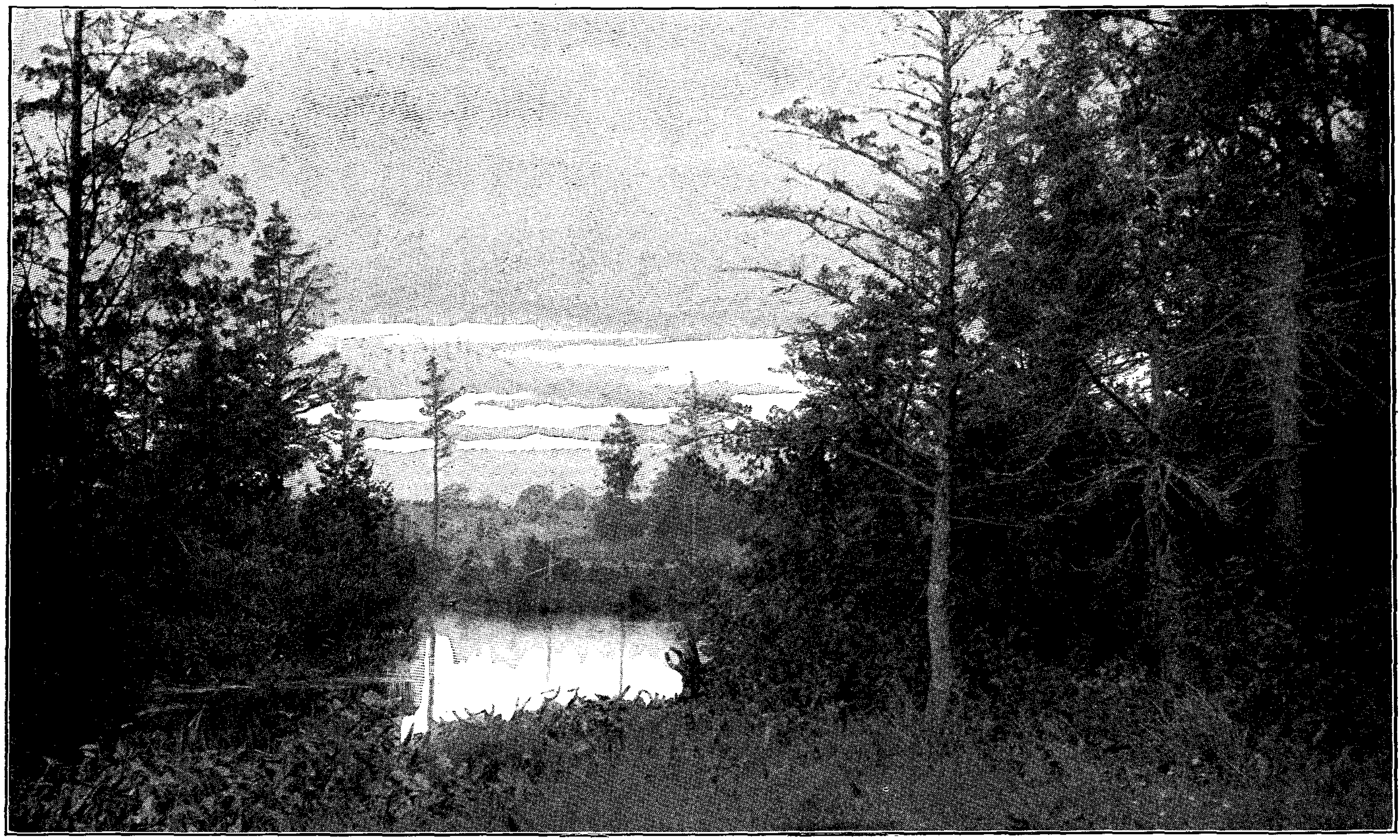


"THE EDGE OF A WOODY SWAMP"

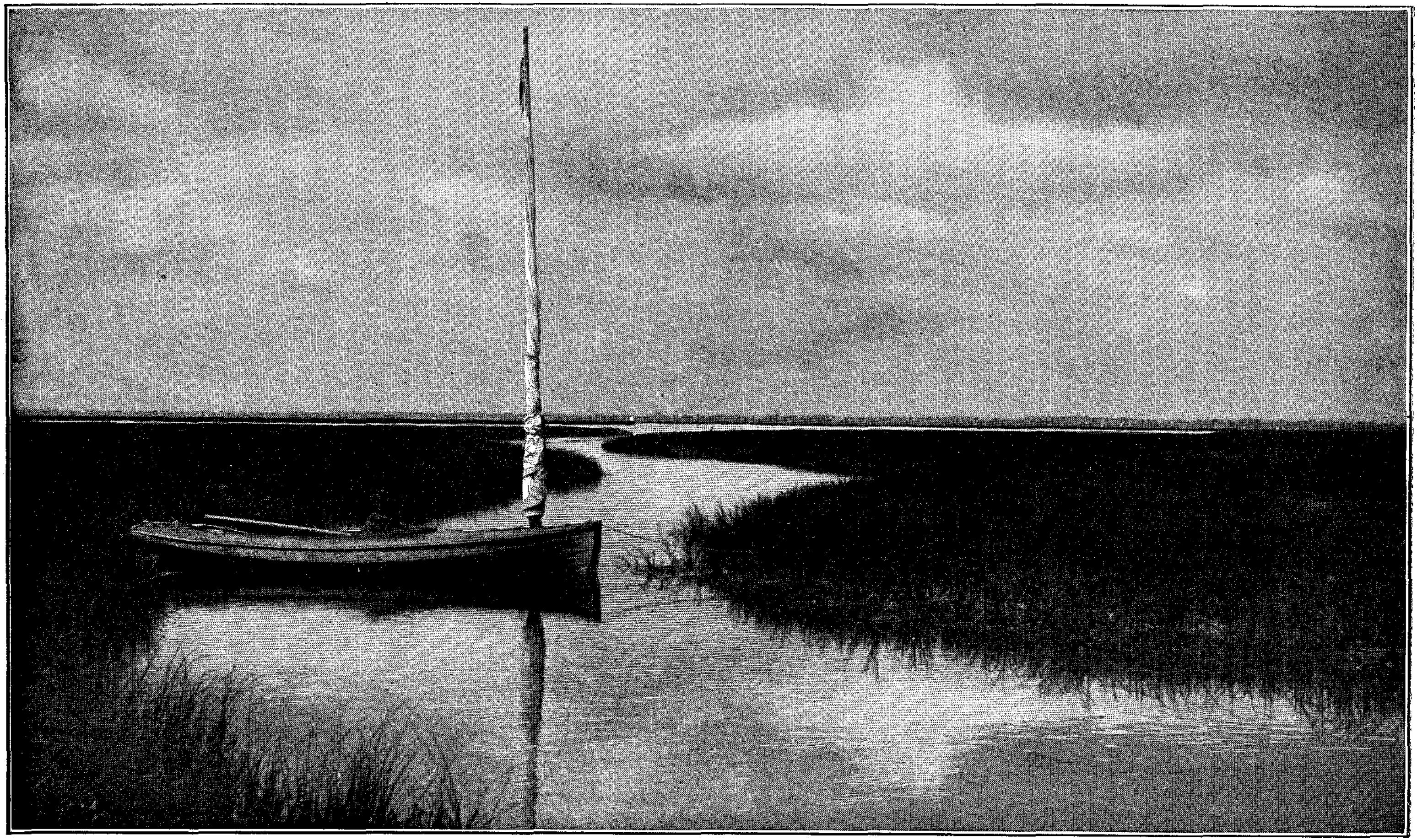
gray and green and gold, its flashing breaker line and its carpet of shining sand reflecting all it may of sky or sun; on the other lie the dark pine forests fringing waterways and creeping slowly upward to the higher ground beyond the reach of envious tides.

Every botanist knows the treasures of those salt and brackish marshes, those wide, open meadows and the dark, black fen which hides in the heart of the pines; but his interest in them is very different, very prosaic, very cold, compared with the joy of poet or artist in their beauty. He cares not what the effect of cloud or sunshine on the landscape, so only there be sufficient of the latter to wake some shy flower bud to maturity before he crushes out its little life under innumerable weights and blotters, or enough of the former to prevent too early and rapid ripening of distant specimens ere he

"DARK PINE FORESTS FRINGING WATERWAYS"



“SNOWY ARROWHEADS CLIMB IN AND OUT OF THE BRACKISH WATER”



“IN THE CURVE OF SOME WINDING WATERWAY”

shall have time to reach them. He sees not at all the glow of yellow the sundrops spread over a whole broad meadow, if only he find for his herbarium a type as yet undiscovered; nor the forest of rose-pink mallows which hedge a pond, if a certain curious leaf be not among them.

He has known these amphibious lands for many seasons, and when perhaps they are all drained and converted into building lots, when geraniums and nasturtiums bloom in measured rows where now pond-lilies and arums float amid the grasses, he will bring forth his brown, flat herbarium sheets and say, "These are what grew here before the land was reclaimed." And men will be wise in thinking that if brown and unsightly things like those are all that land could once produce, it was indeed well it had been taught other lessons.

Not the poet who threads the paths of those lonely forests or poles his boat in the winding waterways, who hears the birds calling above his head and sees the flowers spreading before and behind his trail, who has listened to the mating-call when the first spring flowers creep shyly out from sunny corners, and caught the travel-cry when all the fields are ablaze in midsummer glory, nor the artist who has watched the procession of colors sweep the landscape, the shifting tones of light and shade from vernal equinox to autumn frost, will ever agree that any dried flower, whatever once its grace, can give one least suggestion of the day or place of its birth.

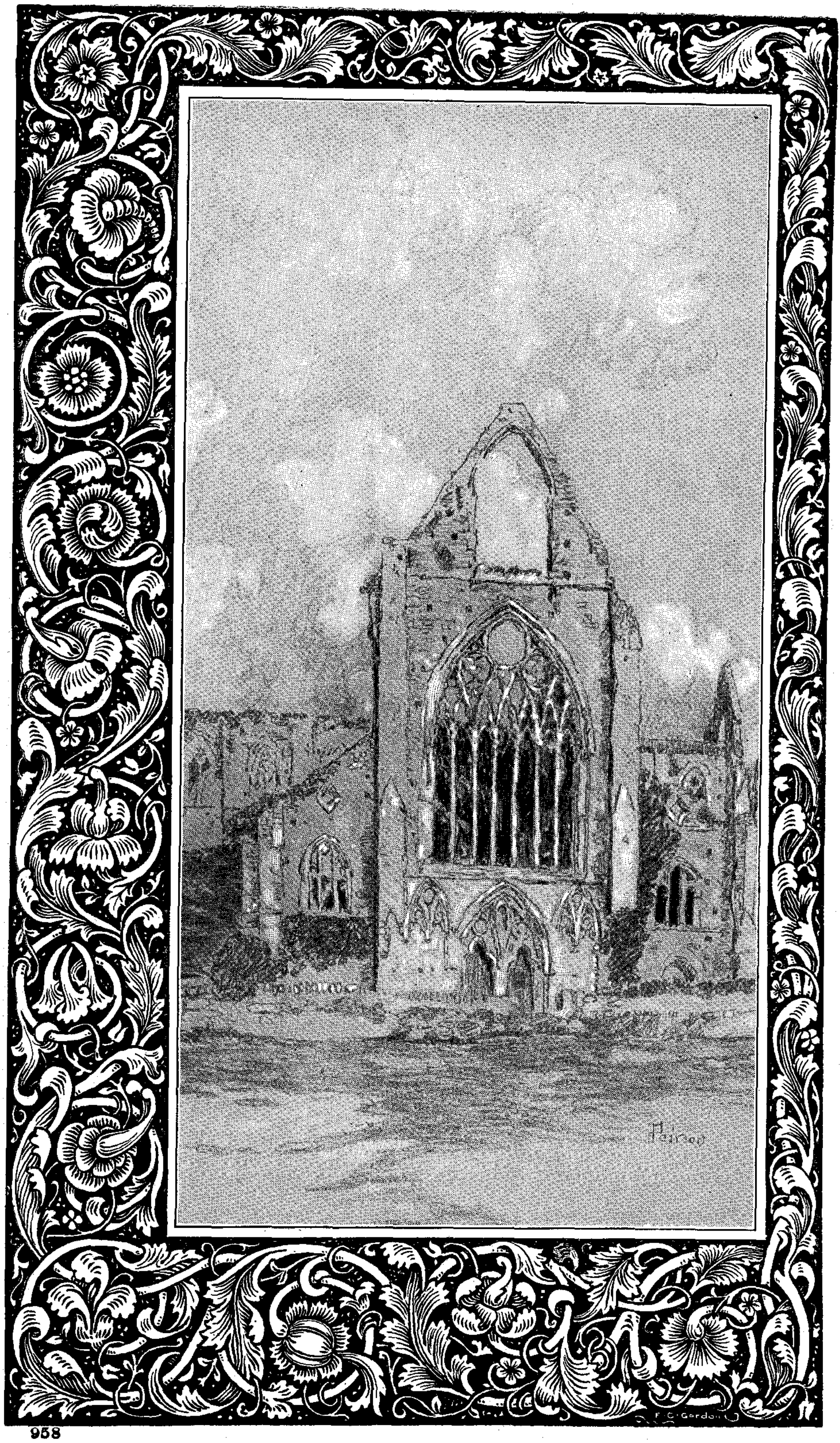
No one who has seen the scarlet torches of the cardinal-flower doubled in the brown waters at its feet, the pinky-white turtlehead towering up above the marsh-loving asters, or hordes of sunny coreopsis dancing like golden butterflies to the piping of every vagrant breeze, as one may see them any August day in certain very accessible Jersey meadows, will ever recognize his dainty friends in a botanist's cabinet.

None who has ever seen the straight dark pines mirrored at sunset in some flaming pool or outlined black against a turquoise sea or sky will think to count the needles in their tiny brown sheaths, but only of the delicate etching they make upon blue or gray or rose.

The glistening lilies floating on their shining pads, the tall, slender grasses which nod above them under the fairy weight of yellow finches, the thickets of tall rose and white mallows, the hedges of giant sunflowers and purple asters, the carpets of sundews and spagnum, of purple gerardia and pale sea-lavender, of partridge-berry and arbutus and samphire, each in their home and time, send out a call for attention which shall have nothing of scientific knowledge or analysis for response.

The Breton sardine-boat, the Dutch pink, the English trawler, all claim artists' eyes and palette as their own; but the saucer-like catboat which dances lightly over a shallow bar with its cargo of merrymakers, or comes down before the wind with great sail spread like the wide white wings of a gull, although quite as picturesque and unique in its way as the foreign fishers, seems never to have met the approval which would perpetuate it; of pleasure boats Northern Europe knows none to compare with it, and on inland beaches or beside wooden piers, where channels give access to the open sea, may be found working boats quite as picture-making in their own American way as those that dot the Channel sands.

For all upon whom fortune smiles bravely, to whom are granted time and opportunity for travel, recreation, or study on distant shores, there can be no other counsel than to use well such gifts of fate; but for the home-bound flower lover, the nature student, the open-eyed friend of land and sea, the young artist eager for outdoor studios and light, who each autumn are exasperated by well-meaning acquaintances who tell of the glories of the Canadian rivers, of the wonderful gorges of the distant Yellowstone, of the golden sands of the French coast, or of gorgeous Mediterranean sunsets, there is a field close at home where one may find the scarlet lobelia of Canadian waterways fringing a pool of pearly water-lilies, the skies that arch over Holland's polders and the sunset glories that tint the Mediterranean, the black pine forest's gloom and the sunny stretch of broad sea sand, all reached across the bridge of a summer day.



Tintern Abbey

By William Wordsworth

The First of a Series of Twelve Great Poems. With Introductions by Hamilton Wright Mabie

IN 1793 Wordsworth, then in his twenty-third year, spent part of the summer in the Isle of Wight. On his homeward journey he walked over Salisbury Plain, where Carlyle and Emerson were to have a notable talk years later, made his way alone through the noble landscape of Somerset which is a charming prelude to the steep hills of Devonshire, crossed the Severn, and saw Tintern Abbey for the first time. Five years later he revisited the country about the Abbey, and so vivid and urgent was the impression it made upon him that he began at once to compose the "Lines" reprinted in these columns as the first of a series of twelve representative poems of different races and periods, and finished it as he was entering Bristol, with his sister, at sunset, four or five days later. It was the poet's habit to compose out of doors and to complete a poem before putting it on paper. He was often overheard reciting his lines as he walked across the terraces and hills about Grasmere and Windermere; "booing," his rural neighbors used to say.

The Abbey, the key to the landscape which inspired the "Lines," characterized by one of his biographers as the "consecrated formulary of the Wordsworthian faith," is strikingly beautiful in its structure and surroundings. Furness Abbey, within two hours of Grasmere and Ambleside in these latter days, is far more extensive, Fountains Abbey suggests a richer and more varied habit of life, Dryburgh enfolds the grave of Scott with a peace born of its old arches set in verdure and shade; but Tintern has a poetic charm due to its seclusion, the detachment of its ruined grandeur from modern association, the wild loveliness of the Wye which flows past it in a half-circle, the hill which rises beyond it, and the Severn which runs to the sea beyond the sight but within the vision. In the romantic beauty which secures great effects on a small scale and, in one of the most densely populated countries, keeps an air of that sacred privacy between God and nature in which poetry has its unfailing spring, Tintern Abbey is unique. Despoiled in detail, its beauty seems more complete and impressive than that of many a perfect church. The nobility of its naked structure, the ascending symmetry of its aspiring lines, the sense of native strength and indestructible solidity which it conveys, conspire to open the imagination to the poetry of its devastated majesty and its buried history.

To Wordsworth it made the double appeal of natural beauty and of religious association, and it was characteristic of him to describe with almost unrivaled power of suggestion the neighboring landscape as it lay before the eye.

"These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!"

When the "Lines" were written, he was twenty eight years old, and on the threshold of the wonderful twelve or fifteen years in which the deeps of his spirit were broken up and his rigid and stubborn nature was subdued to the finest sensitiveness, and his uncertain voice attuned to the purest music. After a winter in Germany in which "Lucy Gray," the lines on "Nutting," "Ruth," and other lyrical poems as simple as Nature and as instinct with life were written, the poet returned to the Lake Country to create its unique tradition, to illustrate with impressive dignity the life that is one with Nature, and to write his name on the roll of the English poets next after those of Shakespeare and Milton.

The "Lines" appeared first in that modest little volume of "Lyrical Ballads" which is almost worth its weight in gold to collectors, and which, ridiculed and derided by the professional critics of the time, is so rich in vitality that it promises to make even the name of its publisher, Mr. Cottle, of Bristol, immortal. It is true there were poems in the book to offend the orthodox and on which the true lover of the poet lays no emphasis to-day, but there were also "The Thorn" and the "Lines," so fresh in feeling, so original in insight, so magical in phrase, that it would be hard to understand the long indifference to their deep poetic beauty if one did not remember the immense vogue of Scott and, later, the intoxicating audacity of Byron, Wordsworth's earlier and later contemporaries.

Wordsworth's genius lay in the merging of his observation with his vision; he saw with perfect clearness and he divined with penetrating directness at the same moment. Observation passed without pause into meditation, and passion waited on both. He has described his own method in condemning that of the poet who goes to Nature note-book in hand: "Nature does not permit an inventory to be made of her charms! He should have left his pencil and note-book at home; fixed his eye as he walked with a reverent attention on all that surrounded him, and taken all into a heart that could understand and enjoy. Afterwards he would have discovered that while much of what he admired was preserved to him, much was also most wisely obliterated. That which remained, the picture surviving in his mind, would have presented the ideal and essential truth of the scene, and done so in large part by discarding much which, though in itself striking, was not characteristic." Here are some of the secrets of Wordsworth's power: clear and accurate observation, absorption by the mind of that which it has seen, instinctive selection of the essential and rejection of the non-essential, and vivid description, not by enumeration, but by suggestion.

Wordsworth described rather than defined poetry as "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge;" and in his great moments he rises easily into this higher region where lives and moves the soul of things. Here, in a style at once plain, noble, intimate, impassioned, and penetrated with the beauty of the thought he is expressing, he applies the greatest ideas to life, to recall Matthew Arnold, and brings the world and the soul together until they are once more "whispering together of immortality."

In his inspired moments he sees the world as it lies in the sight of the eye and as it shines in the sight of the imagination; the actual and the visionary blend into one, the symbol becomes translucent, and Nature, through a myriad forms, one vast beneficent life. Rigid as he seemed, Wordsworth was in reality a man of deep passions, and the power of passion is one of the secrets of his greatness in perception and in expression. Not only did the "sounding cataract" haunt him like a passion, but the forces of his nature flowed together and the spring of poetry within him gushed up when Nature touched him with her diviningrod in his happy hour. He had no style when he wrote poetry, but a tyro can imitate his style when he wrote verse, which he did in large quantities. When his work has been subjected to the austere judgment of time, much will be discarded; but that which will remain will be counted among the spiritual and artistic achievements of the English race:

> "He spoke, and loosed our hearts in tears.
> He laid us as we lay at birth,
> On the cool, flowery lap of earth;
> Smiles broke from us and we had ease;
> The hills were round us, and the breeze
> Went o'er the sunlit fields again;
> Our foreheads felt the wind and rain,
> Our youth returned, and there was shed
> On spirits that had long been dead,
> Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
> The freshness of the early world."

H. W. M.

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.
                    These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:

But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration:—feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
                                        If this
Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!

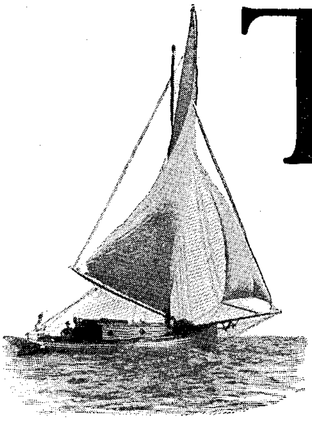
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides

Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
                                        Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:

For thou art with me, here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshiper of nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

A PROTRACTED HONEYMOON

BY MARGUERITE HOUGHTON WEAVER



THOUGH I've always understood the whereabouts of a young couple on their honeymoon is supposed to be a secret, every one was amazingly full of suggestions. Mother thought I needed the mountain air, and father, intoxicated, perhaps, with the thought that his was no longer the expense, suggested Europe as a neat little idea; and one envious cousin thought a trip to Timbuctoo would be both novel and interesting. But we had plans of our own, as all properly brought up bridal couples should, and quietly disappeared, muffled to the ears, one wintry afternoon, on a south-bound steamer, to land, some four days later, sweltering in our winter garments, in a land of sunshine and palm trees, at the last but one town on the southern end of the United States map.

The first thing our fond relatives heard of us was that we had bought a sailboat; the next, that we had moved aboard; and the next, that we had no idea of returning at all! This completed our disgrace, rendering our eclipse quite total, and we were cut entirely off the calling list—which rather pleased us than otherwise.

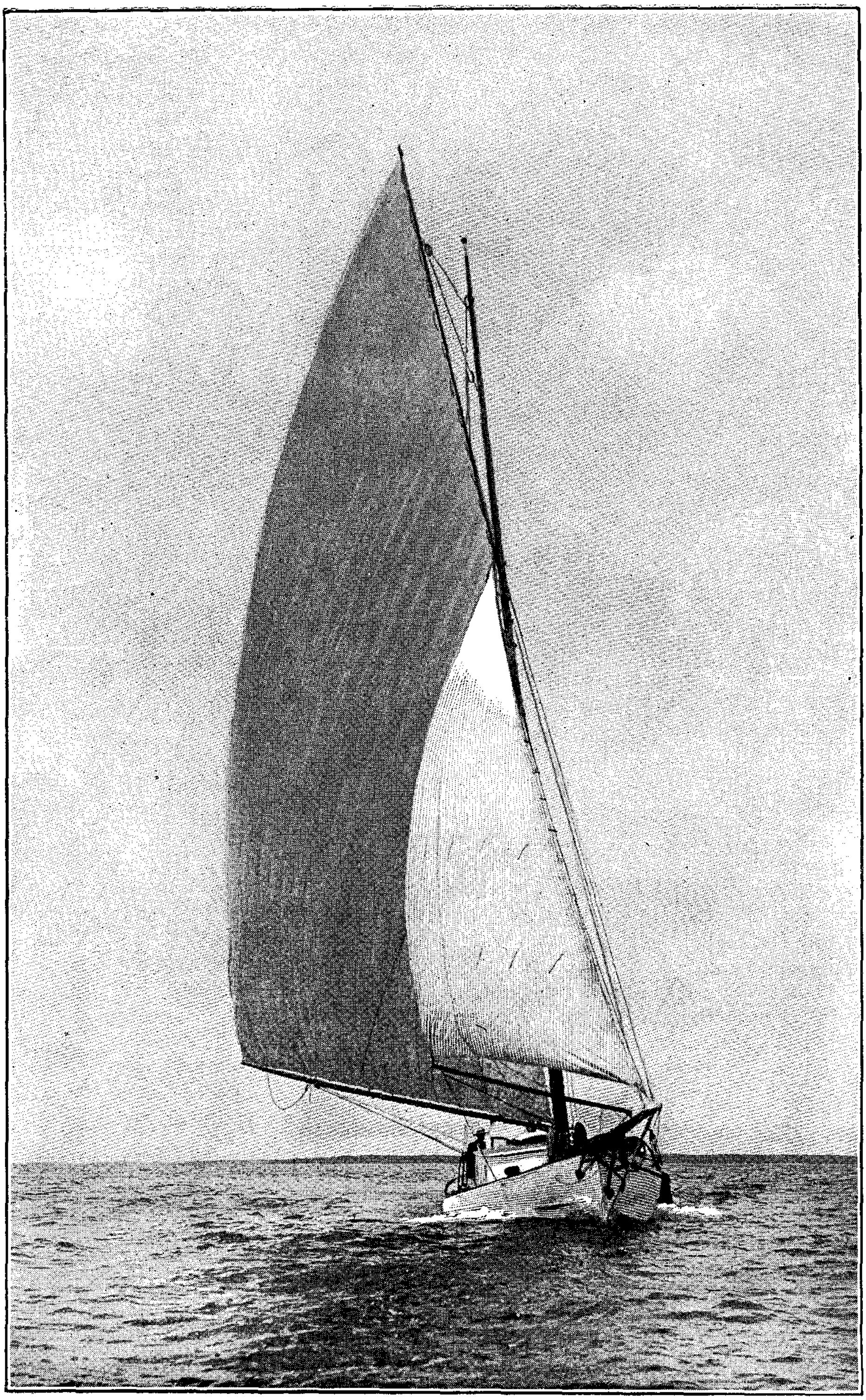
The boat was a thirty-five-foot sloop-yacht, and life aboard of her in the first phase of our existence was uncertain to a degree, and housekeeping a trifle complicated—to put it mildly.

Just as I had everything neat as a pin and looking particularly cozy and "homey," my new lord would come smiling aboard and say, "It is a perfect gem of a day; let us go for a sail." I would cheerfully assent, and the next thing I knew everything would clatter around my ears; and the first tired hours after our return had invariably to be spent sweeping up fragments of china and mounds of sugar, wiping up syrup, readjusting cushions, and setting to rights generally. Then, too, we had a pleasant little way of ordering something at some store to be delivered "on board the Panacea," off such and such a street, and then absent-mindedly anchoring for the night three miles or so down the bay. We were perfectly care-free in our honeymoon days—you might almost say, irresponsible.

The next thing our horrified families were informed was that the mast had been painlessly extracted, the centerboard removed and filled, the cabin roof raised and carried forward and extended to both sides of the boat, and a small launch bought to tow the first objectionable purchase, while a dear little dingey wound up our sins.

"Now they never will come home!" our affectionate friends cried out, and though we were not quite sure whether they alluded to our taste or our pocketbook, we agreed that they were very nearly right.

Meanwhile the sun rose and the sun set, and the moon rose and the moon set, day after day, night after night, while the fresh salt breeze from the sea vied with the flower-scented air from the shore; the shining mullet fled in silver shoals to escape the pursuing sharks; the sea-gulls piped in never-ending disputes, and the pelicans fell like flashing white meteorites from the sunny sky with mighty splashes and a boom like a distant cannon as they disappeared into the bay to reappear in a second all brown (the color of back and wings), which is their own peculiar way of fishing; and the mocking-birds called and called from shore, singing in the wonderful moonlight; and all the while my lord read accounts of terrible blizzards from Northern papers while I compared arms and neck and nose, trying to decide which was the reddest, and we both smiled smiles meaning many, many things.



A FRESH BREEZE FROM THE SEA

One morning, opening my glad eyes to the never-failing sunshine, I said, without preamble—

"Dear, let us move—"

"Perfectly willing, my love; it is certainly time to rise."

"You might let me finish," I smiled. "I want to move to the mouth of the Miami River. You have no idea how gay and lively it is, nor what we are missing; it is like Fifth Avenue in New York. I could hardly bear to leave Mrs. Jenks's yacht yesterday afternoon when I called, and she asked why in the world didn't we anchor by her? Will you go?"

"Why, certainly! We will go now."

"But we haven't had breakfast!" I exclaimed in dismay. Such prompt acquiescence to one's wishes was positively inconvenient, but men are unreliable beings, and I have learned to take things when I can get them, so I looked pleased and made no demur, though not yet able to quite accustom myself to the breathless way in which my home and myself are moved around the map—perhaps, to be nautical, I should say chart—often without the slightest warning whatever.

"No matter about breakfast," said my lord, easily; "the tide is just right, we had better take advantage of it," and, pulling on a perfectly disreputable pair of white ducks, and clapping an absolutely unmentionable cap upon his head, my lord proceeded to haul up a few hundred feet, more or less, of hawser, and start the launch.

"I'm not sure of the short-cut channel, so we'll take the lower one and come up," he shouted from the noisy little launch after we had been swashing along for half an hour or so down Biscayne Bay, the crisp salt trade-winds stirring my blood and my appetite.

"What a beautiful yacht!" I exclaimed later, as we hugged up the South Channel to allow a rushing, white-winged thing to sweep by, the engine in the stern throbbing to assist the great sails bear her out of a harbor too narrow for tacking; brass railings and trimmings vying with the shining buttons on the officers' coats; the sailors all in suits whiter than the sails. The captain touched his cap as we chugged by.

"Who is it? Do you know him?" I asked in surprise.

"Hush! don't say a word!" called my lord; "they think we're in from a long cruise, possibly up from Key West, and it is etiquette to greet a newcomer."

I smiled as I thought of our extensive journey along shore from the other end of town, and, glancing from our wrinkled suits to the tangled ropes and mussy decks, laughed outright.

"Well, we do look like the tail end of a trip!" I exclaimed.

The day's stir had begun at the boat-house as we dropped anchor on the opposite bank of the narrow river, looking across to the beautiful hotel grounds that ran back from the board walk, along which lay the gay crowd of boats, private and for hire. The eight o'clock shot had been fired, flags were run up, eight bells were sounding in many keys from ships both big and small, tourists were hiring yachts for the day, while private owners, puffing their morning cigars in easy chairs by the side of gorgeously dressed women, left their berths for a day on the ocean, trolling for kingfish or catching great sharks, it being a matter of pride and competition who should bring home the biggest man-eater.

All gazed with friendly curiosity as we put out a stern line and started breakfast. Mrs. Jenks called a gay good-morning, and I tried vainly to divide my attention between coffee and toast and flying to port-hole and door at the sound of strange bells and orders, swirling water and snatches of music and laughter as each new craft swept by, private yacht or fish-boat, dingey or launch, and my toast burned merrily the while.

"Isn't it jolly?" I called to my lord as I rescued the coffee on the point of boiling over.

"Great!" he replied with enthusiasm. "You must call me captain after this," he added, as he pulled out a pair of clean ducks, his blue yachting cap with the owner's emblem, and an irreproachable tie.

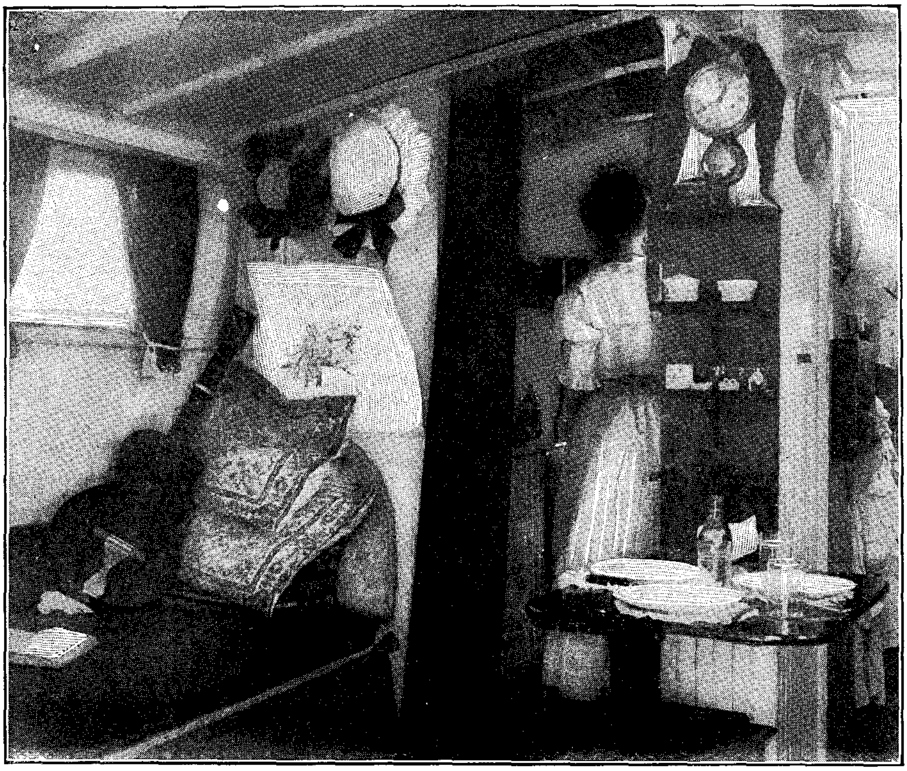
"We must get out our flags!" I exclaimed.

"And wind up the ship's clock—"

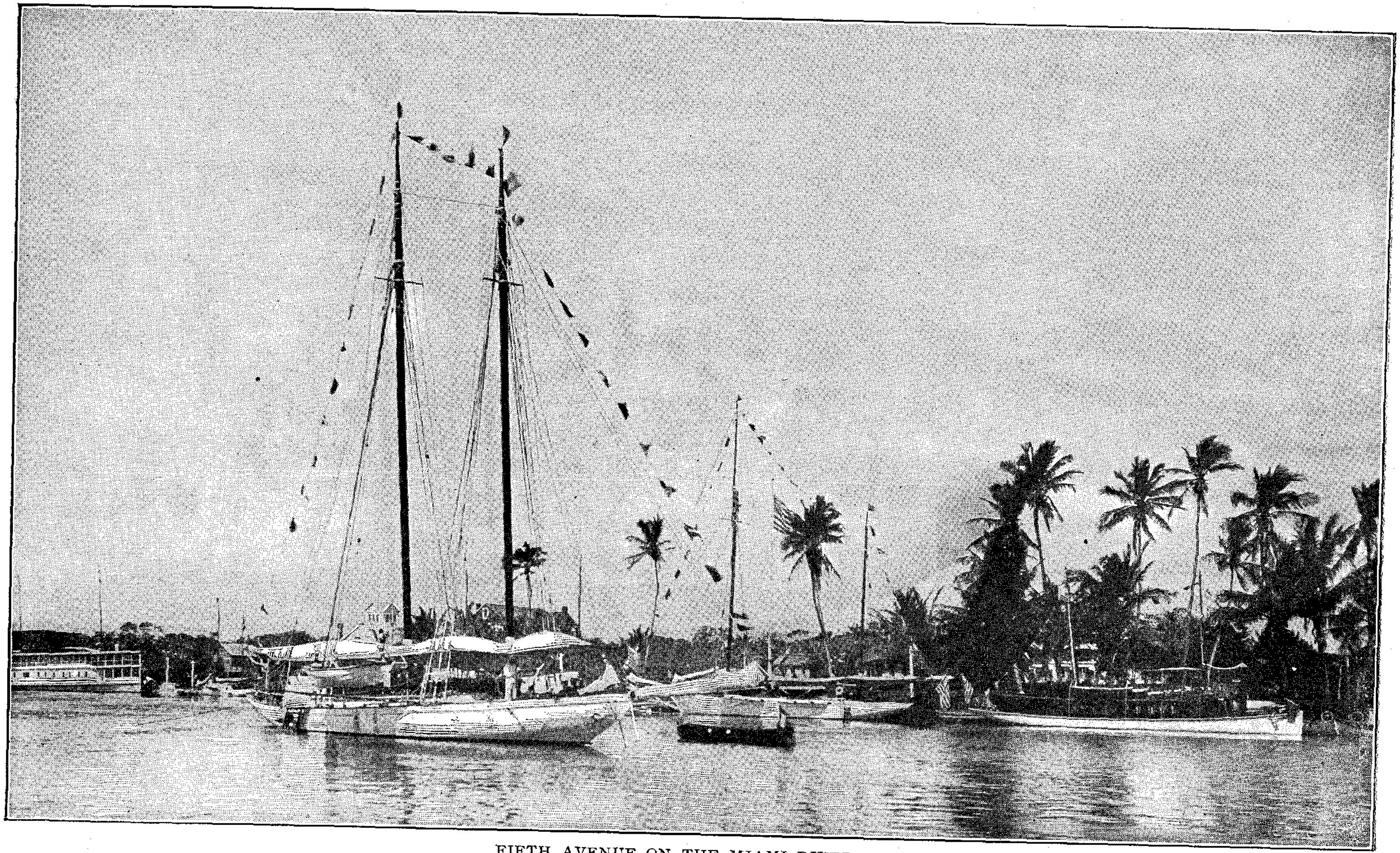
"And wear better clothes—" And here we both laughed, for we had grown outrageously happy-go-lucky out on the bay, to the extent of trying to reform one another, though we had as yet failed to reach the point of reforming ourselves.

This new life proved perfectly fascinating. The grocerman and the laundryman came out in a rowboat or canoe for orders, delivering in the same manner. The iceman called from his wagon on shore the same hour each day. All the purchases were delivered to the point nearest the boat as cheerfully as to any one's back door, and a call from our visitors of "On board the Panacea!" admitted them almost as promptly as the ring of a front door bell.

As the season wore on the life grew gayer and the yachts more numerous. "Fifth Avenue" ceased evidently at the first bridge, as no visiting ship ever condescended to anchor beyond it, and as the mouth of the river became more crowded, many a stately yacht turned in through the narrow channels north or south, to travel at half-speed looking for a berth or sufficient space to anchor out of the channel, only to turn with a graceful sweep and, swirling out, drop anchor in the bay; and our ever-changing neighbors were forced to anchor closer and closer, often only held off from our white paint by the hands of a well-trained, watchful crew as the swift current caught the ship as she swung to her mooring. Many a peep I had into luxurious saloons, staterooms holding wide brass bedsteads, and white-tiled galleys hung with shining coppers, while the chef invariably popped his white-capped head out to watch Madame in a cream lace robe, assisted by a gold-striped captain, descend the hastily flung-out little gangway and step daintily into the awaiting launch or dingey to be swept ashore by a pair of well-trained sailors.


IN THE CABIN OF THE PANACEA

Sometimes Milady would enthrone herself in a huge cushioned arm-chair under the fluttering awning, and, while Milord read the newspaper or turned over a magazine, train a pair of huge field-glasses or a glittering lorgnette on

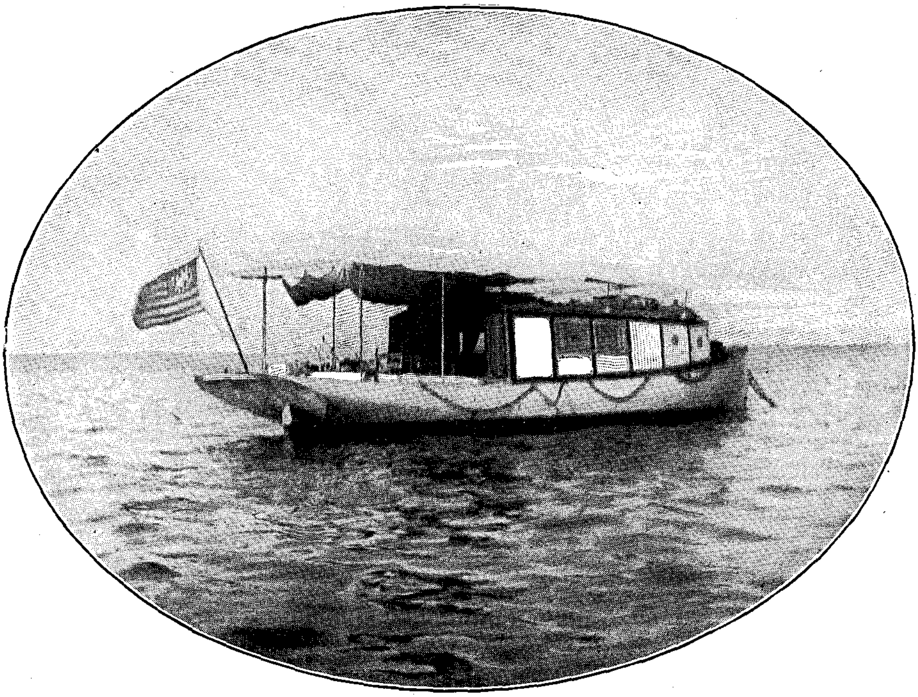


FIFTH AVENUE ON THE MIAMI RIVER

her humbler neighbors. At such times a spirit of impishness or something worse would impel me to go and get out the dish-pan and give all the dishes and pans an extra wash out on deck, to the great amazement of Milady and horror of Milady's crew.

And so life slipped by, unmarked by the calendar, till a letter from my new father inquired of my young "captain" how long honeymoons were supposed to last, and if it weren't time he returned to work, to which he replied:

"Honeymoons last as long as the funds, dear father; and as for work, I am hard at it now," after writing which he stepped into the dingey and proceeded to sapolio down the sides of the dear old Panacea, to the great edification of Milady and her many servants, while I looked on and laughed for the very joy of living—in the Sunny South—a bride.



THE NEW PANACEA

THE LETTER D

BY ERNEST POOLE

THIS story came to me from a doctor in one of the crowded tenement quarters down on the lower west side of New York:

He was a gnarled old specimen of over seventy years. As he lay on his bed breathing noisily, his eyes glaring up were comical in their sudden alarm.

"Never sick before in all my bloomin' life!" he muttered indignantly. "Guess it's nothin', anyhow! Wot d'*you* think?" The love of life fairly glittered in his eyes. I laughed.

"Oh, I guess you'll do. Let me listen to what's going on inside." I began to loosen his shirt.

"Never mind that!" He jerked my hand back savagely. I tried again, with the same result. When I turned for help to his wife, an anxious, tidy little old woman, she smiled and threw a quick glance at her son. He was a grizzled giant of middle age. At her look he grinned and rose and tiptoed clumsily out. His mother bent over the bed.

"All right now, Tom," she said, softly. "Tommy's gone. So let the doctor see." And despite his growls, she slowly loosened the shirt. It took some time, for the shirt was laced on tight.

On the broad, hairy chest, just over the heart, was a white, jagged scar as big as your fist, in the shape of the letter D.

As I started slightly, old Tom shut his eyes; beads of sweat came out on his wrinkled brown forehead.

"Keep Tommy out," he whispered. "Keep 'im out!"

It was an ugly case of bronchitis, and he had a close call. But the old codger was like a young man just married. He gripped the hand of his little old wife and balked on the very brink of death. And until he was out of danger neither mother nor son slept a wink. The son, who was in the fire department, got two days off, and hung anxiously round at home, to be sent out on errands. I have seen many such groups, but never a group so closely bound up in each other. And I could feel vaguely some secret behind their devotion. Over and over, in his stupor, old Tom would mumble:

"Who wants India? Tell me that?" And the mother and son would then smile at each other in the most mysterious way.

When the danger was passed it was hard to tell which was more jubilant, Tommy or Tom.

"You old scrapper!" Tommy would chuckle, looking delightedly down. And the old man on the bed would try to hide his joy and relief under a sheepish grin.

I was loaded with thanks. They beamed upon me and grew most intimate, talkative, confidential—as convalescents generally are. One morning, when Tommy had gone back to work, old Tom began abruptly:

"Doc, when you seed that scar of mine, I s'pose it set you guessin'."

"Yes."

"Well, sir, as long as you seed it, I'm goin' to give you the story. Only one thing!" His voice rose loud and shrill—it cracked. "Tommy don't know, an' 'e never will! Understand?" He turned sharply to his wife. "Not even arfter I'm dead an' buried!" The little woman jumped in her chair.

"Now, Tom," she said, "haven't I promised you millions of times?" And she nervously took up her knitting.

"My wife an' me," he began slowly, "grew up in a village in England. I won't go into no details. We loved each other even in school. An' when I grew old enough to learn the trade of a carpenter, I worked about as 'ard as any man in the British Isles to save enough to marry. Some say meadow larks is 'appier than people. I ain't sure.

"Most of the work came from Sir William, who owned about everythin' in sight. Sir William's son was a young orfficer 'ome from India on a furlough, an' 'e was as fine a youngster as ever I seed. The bloomin' hidol of the village, 'e was. When I says hidol, I means it. The whole story hangs on jest that.

"'E an' I 'ad been pals when we was small. An' 'e was almighty good to me now. Got me jobs, 'e did, up at the big 'ouse an' round the estate. When 'e 'eard of my courtin' Anny, 'e persuaded old Sir William that Anny's cottage needed repairs, so I could work right beside 'er, I could, for three whole days. Kind of decent, wasn't it? But wait.

"We 'ad a grand little weddin'. An' for a year we lived in a new cottage Sir William 'ad ordered me to build. An' there was 'ardly a day when Anny an' me couldn't feel the 'appiness growin'.

"Then a baby was born. I suppose a good many new daddies 'ave felt the same thing since the world began. While it's 'appenin', you feel like a whipped puppy dog, an' later on you gets bloomin' silly. That silly feelin' lasted two days. An' then the baby died.

"Well, sir, we lived along some'ow. An' so two more years went by.

"That young orfficer 'ad gone to India again a year before the baby came. 'E stayed three years, and when 'e come back 'e was more of a hidol than ever. Because now there was extra reason. War 'ad broke out in India!

"War! Patriotism! The Honor of Old England! 'E made those words jest ring! Volunteers was called for by the Queen. An' 'e wanted 'is people to stand by 'im, 'e did, to enlist for the honor of the village an' the Union Jack! 'E didn't want *'is* village to be called a 'ome of cowards!

"That was 'ow 'e talked, an' 'e meant it. An' the village went clean out of its mind.

"For about two weeks I 'eld back. War was the last bloody thing *I* wanted. But 'ere was the man who 'ad been my pal as a boy an' my benefactor as a man. Hevery job I got, our 'ome, an' everything in sight, was 'is. 'E didn't speak of that—'e was too much of a gentleman. Arfter a week 'e left me alone. An' I stood that for another week. An' then I give in.

"Anny 'ere was brave enough—"

"Brave!" cried Anny, indignantly bobbing her head. "I was crazy!"

Tom turned round and smiled indulgently:

"You knows 'ow it is, doctor. She was like all the rest. Besides—Sir William promised us all that our 'omes shouldn't want for nothin'. An' when we went off on the train, the whole bloomin' village was cheerin' an' wavin'. As long as I could see Anny's face, it was smilin' 'ard an' brave. An' I was a hero off to the war—for the glory of Old England!"

The old Britisher took out a huge blue handkerchief and violently blew his nose. His wife was sewing in swift, nervous stitches; her eyes were fixed on her work—and snapping with excitement.

"It was nine weeks arfter that," he continued slowly, "'way down in a camp in the Indian foothills, that a letter came from 'ome. It was a long letter—"

"Tom!" cried the little old woman.

"Now, Anny, don't be afeared; I wasn't gettin' into no details. All I want to say, sir, is that before she wrote it she didn't sleep for a good many nights. . . . But she couldn't *help* writin'! . . . Another baby was to be born." He stopped to clear his throat. "The letter told me somethin' else, somethin' I 'ad never knowed, somethin' the village doctor 'ad said to 'er that time two years before. There was danger of 'er life.

"So she wondered whether Sir William's son down there—'im who could do almost anythin'—couldn't fix it for me to come back on a furlough—jest for a couple of months.

"You see, sir, bein' a woman, she didn't understand. An' she kept 'er baby secret close, an' so got no advice. If she 'ad known—that letter would never 'ave been written.

"But I knew. I said nothin' to nobody. Weeks went by, an' other letters came. An' I read each one, I did—an' then I burned it.

"I was thinkin' 'ard those days—about glory—an' war. Wot *is* war? Wot's it for? Now, understand, I loved the Union Jack as deep as any man! If the Germans or the French or any other bloody foreigners 'ad 'a' tried invadin' England—the dyin' of one woman would 'ave 'ad to be! But wot was this? Back at 'ome a new life was gettin' ready for the world. Life was bein' *made.* Down 'ere wot was 'appenin'? Life was bein' wiped out, Doctor, wiped out by thousands hevery week, not jest the poor devils who fought us *like* devils, but their women an' their little kids—all dyin' off in war—noble war—for the honor of Old England! Wot kind of honor? Wot good was India to England? A place to grow opium in—an' send it up to China—where we'd 'ad two wars already—to make the bloomin' 'eathen smoke!"

Old Tom had jumped up and was pacing the room like a tiger. His gnarled gray hands were clinched. Anny rose and clutched his elbow, and finally made him sit down. For some time he was silent, breathing hard.

"Well," he went on, in quieter tones, "I'm a bit older now. I don't pretend to know the whole of anythin'. Maybe England 'ad some right on 'er side. But I'm tellin' you 'ow I seed it then. My eyes 'ad been pried open by those letters from my wife. An' I seed the bottom side of war. Not in the fightin'—there I was like all the rest. Killin' is a game. But dyin' ain't. An' the dyin' came in the 'orspital tents. They 'ad jest one long tent at first; then another was put up—an' then another. An' it was there by the cot of a man from the village who was a-dyin' of fever, an' again on sentinel duty, with one eye cocked on the bloody black night outside, watchin' for the poor devils who tried to wriggle up on their bellies, with a shot an' a yell now an' then from up an' down the line—it was there I seed the bottom side. An' I did my thinkin' —*about war—in India.*

"One night when I was asleep in my tent I was waked up by somebody shakin' my arm. The man who slept alongside was up on one elbow. I couldn't see 'is face.

"'Steady, chum,' 'e whispered, 'steady. *You're sayin' too much.*'

"Arfter that night I hurried my thinkin'.

"'Ow I took my furlough ain't no matter 'ere. It's been done before by a good many men. An' I 'ad been thinkin' 'ard, a-layin' of my plans. So I didn't make mistakes. I got to the coast an' I stowed away on a transport. An' about two months arfter the time I left camp I was back in England. I 'ad nine shilling left. I took a train from London, an' I got off at night in the village next to ours.

"The village was asleep when I came 'ome. Even our cottage was black as a ghost. But it was the middle of summer; a window was wide open. I stood quite still. An' arfter a time I could 'ear Anny lyin' awake on 'er bed.

"When I whispered, she thought she was dreamin', she did. But I kept on, till at last she came wonderin' like to the window. An' with me whisperin' hard to 'er not to make any cry, an' 'er starin' out an' reachin' to touch me, an' pitchin' straight forward into my arms—then, sir, we knew we was real, us two. An' war an' everythin' else seemed nothin' at all but dreamin'.

"An' in the cottage we whispered a little, but most of the time we only sat close in the dark—I wasn't riskin' no light. So we sat till the livin' birds began singin' outside, an' the light came in to show us each other.

"That light was most uncanny. The minutes went by, an' 'er face comin' out clearer an' clearer looked so close to death, it did, in spite of all 'er smilin', that I was afeared I 'ad come too late.

"But you know how it is, sir, bein' a medical man. The comin' of a baby is a mysterious thing, an' so is the love between man an' wife. Miracles 'appen, they do, as amazin' even as this. In a week I could see the change begin, an' she kept on gettin' better an' better, with me close by 'er *makin' 'er live. Wot else 'ad I left but 'er?* I 'ad to tell 'er wot I 'ad done, else she would 'ave told the neighbors. An' when she knowed what it meant, she 'eld to me tight, she did, an' 'er eyes got bright with the glory of lovin', an' Anny made up 'er mind to live.

"We 'ad still some money left, an' we planned to go to America arfter the baby was born. But that was five weeks off. Five weeks I 'id like a dog in 'is hole. An' I thought nobody 'ad seen me.

"But you see, sir, as the time came near it got to be desperate waitin'. She was taken bad again; the old village doctor came in a good many times every day. An' with the worry of it—sometimes, jest for a minute or two—I forgot that I was 'idin'.

"So two days arfter the boy was born—an' still it was uncertain if Anny would live or die—early in the evenin' I was arrested. I seed the men comin'. I knowed wot it was. So I ran out to meet 'em. I begged 'em to take me at once to the doctor's house. An' there, when 'e 'ad got over the shock of seein' me back in England, although 'e was angry—terrible angry—'e was willin', for the sake of savin' the baby, to 'elp me in my plan. An' this is wot we did.

"They took me to our cottage, an' I went in alone. Anny was too weak to think, else she would 'ave knowed I was lyin'. I told 'er I must go that night to another town to make plans for our journey. So I said good-by, an' I came out, an' they took me away—*with the whole village a-starin'*.

"The old doctor lived up to the promise 'e'd made me. Of all the village's buzzin' that week, not a whisper came to Anny's bed.

"I was took to another town. An' there in a room an iron was heated. . . . That iron 'ad been used before. . . . But never since. . . . So far as I know, sir, I was the last man in the British army to be branded for desertion.

"They let me go—the war bein' jest over. An' then the *real* brandin' was done—in the village—by a good many eyes. But I kept in the cottage as much as I could. An' Tommy in 'is cradle—'e did some starin' too—but different. An' lookin' down into 'is bloomin' blue eyes, I made up my mind that 'e shouldn't know.

"An' he never 'as. If he did, I'm afeared it would kill 'im. You see, sir, Tommy's about as brave a man as there is in the fire department. I won't take your time to tell all the lives 'e 'as saved. But I've got all the newspaper clippin's, I 'ave, right up to date. So far it's *three old men—an' eight women—an' fourteen little kids*. Maybe they would 'ave all been saved if Tommy 'ad never been born. But it's kind o' comfortin', any'ow. Twenty-five lives saved—that kind of balances off the twenty-five I might 'ave killed—if I 'ad stayed in India.

"But if Tommy knew, I don't know wot 'e'd say. . . . I don't know. . . . Sometimes when 'e's done somethin' braver than ever—I feel guilty, sir, all-fired guilty—an' ashamed!"

Again old Tom leaned back and violently blew his nose.

A few minutes later Tommy came in—Tommy, gigantic and hungry, his grizzled face all aglow, his blue eyes twinkling with delight as he laid one hand on his proud old daddy's shoulder.

I was to stay to supper. I went into the front room, and for a time I could hear the pair chuckling over a story. Then Tommy came out, and shut the door softly behind him.

"Well," he whispered, with a prodigious wink. "Great yarn, ain't it? Ain't he the fine old codger?" He shook with silent mirth, but his eyes were suspiciously moist. From his pocket he jerked a newspaper.

"Jest you prick up your ears," he added, solemnly. "An' you'll hear what is said regular—once a month."

When old Tom came in, he found his mighty son with eyes gloomy and stern fixed on the news. All at once Tommy smote the paper to the floor.

"More about India!" he growled. "*Wot in the name of thunderin' Mike does England want with India?*"

Old Tom's face grew radiant.

"That's jest wot I'd like to know," he piped. "Who *wants* the bloomin' country?"

COMMENT ON CURRENT BOOKS

THE TRIAL OF JESUS

The trial of Jesus is unquestionably, in its influence on the human race, the greatest state trial in history. But its distinctive characteristics as a judicial proceeding have been lost sight of because it has generally been treated either theologically from a theologian's point of view, or dramatically from the orator's or the epic historian's point of view. Here is a book[1] which treats it wholly from the lawyer's point of view—we will not say without prejudice, for it is evident, as one reads the report, that Mr. Chandler's sympathies are unreservedly with the accused; but certainly with freedom from all passion and from all dramatic coloring. The book is nearly as judicial as the four narratives on which it is founded. The author begins by considering whether these four narratives are legally trustworthy. In this Part I he follows very closely Mr. Simon Greenleaf's treatise, which is too little known, albeit Mr. Chandler calls it celebrated. And he shows quite conclusively that these four narratives as they stand would be received in any court of Anglo-Saxon law to-day as evidence. "The entire text of the Corpus Juris Civilis," says Professor Greenleaf, "is received as authority in all the courts of Continental Europe upon much weaker evidence of its genuineness." The author next gives an account of Hebrew criminal law, of which our knowledge, thanks to the Old Testament and the two Talmuds, is very full. Then, taking up the history of the procedure in the trial before Caiaphas and the preliminary examination before Annas, he shows how the just and humane provisions of the Hebrew code were utterly disregarded from start to finish. In fact, the trial before Caiaphas was no more a true judicial proceeding than were the trials in the French Revolution which preceded the arbitrary sentences to the guillotine. In the second volume the author takes up the Roman trial in a similar method. His work here does not seem to us quite as well considered. Thus in his Preface to Volume II he treats the trial before Pilate as "a matter of review or appeal," and yet in the body of the work he correctly regards it as a second trial. In fact, the original accusation of blasphemy, on which Jesus was condemned in the Jewish court, was abandoned and a new charge of treason was substituted. The insincerity of this accusation was exposed by the question of Jesus, "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me?" for Pilate knew perfectly well, and Jesus knew that Pilate knew, that the Jewish leaders would never sincerely complain of any of their fellow-countrymen for repudiating the yoke of Roman bondage. Possibly the author takes too seriously both the Jewish and the Roman provision of law, and does not officially recognize the fact that neither the Jewish Court nor the Roman Governor would yield to these provisions the obedience paid by an Anglo-Saxon court in our time to a Constitution and Statutes. But when all allowance is made for the difference in epoch and in circumstances, it still remains true that in both trials the plainest provisions, not only of elemental justice, but no less of both the Jewish and the pagan laws and precedents, were set at naught. It is hardly too much to say that Jesus was lynched under forms of law, and yet in violation of those forms. There have been several recently published monographs on "The Trial of Jesus." This is the fullest and most comprehensive with which we are acquainted. The learning is ample and is well digested; the style is lucid, the temper judicial, the whole work that of a judge, not of an advocate, strong by reason of its self-restraint. The volumes are handsomely gotten up and well illustrated.

ANCIENT CHINA SIMPLIFIED

It is very possible that the title of this volume[1] will appeal to the student of China, and that he will find in the painstaking work of the author, Edward Harper Parker, Professor of Chinese at the Victoria University of Manchester, the material needed in his study. But the difficulties, beginning with the mere proper names, that confront the ordinary reader will not be entirely solved in this book. Every effort is made truly to simplify, and much is accomplished, but much of mystery still surrounds the history of the great Middle Kingdom when Western minds try to follow its convolutions. Beginning in 842 B.C., we are told that civilized China comprised little more than the present province of Honan—a province whose name and characteristics are measurably familiar in these days. Even at this early date the third of the great dynasties had been on the throne for three hundred years. Back of this date mists obscure the view. The history of shifting power is carefully followed through centuries. Questions of religion, literature, education, people and land, law, public works, customs, all come into the great historical development of a wonderful people, whom we are just beginning to know. The learning and profound research of the author enable him to give a large number of traditional stories which disclose many admirable characteristics of the ancient Chinese. Then, as now, they were masters of diplomacy, and had marvelous skill in delicately insinuating an innuendo or pointing a moral. The arrangement of the work is admirable, the chapters are brief, distinctly Chinese names are introduced gradually, and repetition is skillfully used as an aid to memory. Several maps and a most carefully prepared index, with an elaborate table of contents, go far to simplify the difficult subject.

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[1] The Trial of Jesus from a Lawyer's Standpoint. By Walter M. Chandler, of the New York Bar. 2 vols. The Empire Publishing Company, New York.

[1] Ancient China Simplified. By Edward Harper Parker, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3, net.

MODERN HEROINES

Canon E. C. Dawson, of Edinburgh, has filled a volume with short sketches of many heroines of missionary adventure,[1] true stories of brave endurance and courage in sudden danger. The ordinary life of the foreign missionary is very far from the romance pictured by excitable speakers of no practical knowledge. It is a daily grind at routine drudgery, generally amid unsanitary and uncongenial surroundings. This routine is occasionally disturbed by some extraordinary adventure such as Canon Dawson narrates, which makes grand reading but tells sadly upon the heroine. The true test of missionary devotion comes in the daily life, a strain that finally breaks the spirit unsustained by an almost phenomenal faith in God. This volume will be found most useful for preparing programmes, as its records are true, and many instances recorded are thrilling. All foreign mission countries contribute to the honor roll of noble women, from Mrs. Duff to Mrs. Bishop, from A. L. O. E. to Mary Reed. A number of good pictures add to the attractions of the volume.

ROMAN HOLIDAYS

Mr. Howells, as a writer, not exactly of travel, but of leisurely observation in and agreeable comment on foreign countries, grows, if possible, more enjoyable with each new book. His "Roman Holidays"[2] will not suffer in comparison even with his "Venetian Life"—and that is as high praise as one can well bestow. Not only in Rome, but in Leghorn, Pisa, and elsewhere, the reader is made a participant in the author's holiday, and is courteously and easily led into such by-paths or main roads as suggest friendly, half-humorous discussion, picturesque description, or—as quite often happens—social comparison and the thought of common human brotherhood. It is at once the easiest and the hardest thing to write a book about "abroad;" Mr. Howells's mastery of the principle of selection of topic and of the way of putting things is such that one never thinks of his *art* at all. But it is emphatically there—and of the finest.

A PRESIDENT'S WRITINGS

It must be said that the first four volumes of "The Works of James Buchanan,"[1] edited by Professor John B. Moore, contain a good deal of uninteresting and useless material; but they also contain not a little of real value to the student of American history. This is particularly true of the third and fourth volumes—covering the years 1836 to 1841—in which are found a number of important speeches and letters that enable one to estimate more correctly and fairly the motives inspiring Buchanan's "policy of vacillation" in the critical years when he was President of the United States. "What fanatic," he asked in a speech delivered in the Senate as early as 1838, "had there ever been in the North so mad as to assert that we had any right to attack slavery in the States where it exists? That principle had been settled by the first Congress; and that principle, so long as he had a seat in the Senate, he should maintain to the death." A Unionist, but also a strict Constitutionalist, it was always his aim and hope to settle the eternally irritating slavery question on the basis of a conciliatory compromise, and these earlier speeches help us to understand why he clung so desperately to this hope even while the secession movement was daily growing in strength. Other speeches of value relate to the development of the tariff system, in which Buchanan, as an ardent Pennsylvanian, was always deeply interested. His stanch Jacksonianism is disclosed in the correspondence that passed between him and his revered chieftain, much of which is now presented for the first time. But the most intrinsically interesting letters are those which Buchanan wrote home from St. Petersburg while he was Minister to Russia. Together with his diary, they reveal in the most intimate manner imaginable not only the diplomatic methods of the early thirties, but also Buchanan's impressions of Russia and its people, and vivid glimpses of all phases of Russian life at that period. They also show that diplomacy was easily the field of public service best suited to Buchanan's talents, and that in him the United States possessed a tireless and able

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[1] Heroines of Missionary Adventure. By E. C. Dawson, M.A. The J. P. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.50, net.

[2] Roman Holidays. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

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[1] The Works of James Buchanan. Collected and Edited by John Bassett Moore. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Vols. 1-4. $5, net, per vol.

representative, always alert to protect his country's interests. A helpful feature of the first volume is a concise but complete synopsis of Buchanan's Congressional career. But there is a noticeable absence of editorial notes, even with respect to those speeches and letters which really require at least a line or two to indicate their historical background and significance.

COMPARATIVE RELIGION Two points are strongly emphasized in these lectures[1] at Hartford by a Durham University scholar: (1) that the Christian missionary, for whom they are specially intended, must make some plain connection between the lower religion of his hearers and the higher to which he would lead; (2) that the real nature and meaning of religion are to be sought in its highest development, and not, as many contend, in its rudimentary forms. It is these with which this volume is mainly concerned, tracing in them the dim foregleams of Christianity. "A god starts as an ethical power"—ethical because the good of the community is his concern, even when the individual warrior prays that he may fight well. Thus social Christianity recognizes an ethical element in religions which individualistic religion calls non-ethical. Throughout the history of religion these two facts are recognizable: "(1) the existence of the individual as a member of society seeking communion with God; (2) the existence of society as a means of which the individual is the end. . . . Christianity claims to be 'final,' not in the chronological sense, but in that it alone finds the true basis and the only end of society in the love of God."

THE HOUSE WONDERFUL If the school cards that report children's progress in their studies were to report their gain or loss in points of hygiene—for instance, in correct habits of sitting, standing, breathing—it would be better for their future health and happiness. True enough, if such hints obtained co-operation at home. In preparing a reader on the fundamentals of physiology and hygiene for use in schools and homes, Mr. Millard has made these vital matters interesting alike to boys and girls, and to the grown-ups responsible for them.[2] Food, air, water, exercise, breathing, clothing, the teeth, eyes, ears, rest and sleep, emergencies, contagious disease, together with the physiological facts at the basis of hygienic habits, are discussed in admirably clear, thorough, and also simple style. "Health is the best wealth," said Emerson; a motto fit for the title-page of this, the best book on the subject, both for the school and the home, that the present writer has met with.

MIRABEAU AND THE REVOLUTION Professor Fling's volume on Mirabeau and the French Revolution[1] promises to be a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the man and the epoch. Promises, we say, because this first of the three volumes only carries us through the youth of Mirabeau, closing when he legally becomes of age. But it makes two valuable additions to the commonly possessed knowledge. It shows the long period of preparation for the Revolution in the conflict between the throne and the first Provincial Parliaments. It thus traces back the Revolution to the early part of the eighteenth century, and shows it to be "a part of that larger movement that gave to England its Bill of Rights, to the American Colonies their independence, and to many states constitutional government." It thus makes it clear that the Revolution was not merely the despairing and irrational outburst of a hungry people for bread, but the determined struggle of an enslaved people for liberty. It is not a mere episode, but part of a great world movement. That it was hysterical was due partly to natural temperament, partly to local causes. Professor Fling gives also a much better, clearer, and more intelligible account of the elder Mirabeau than we remember ever to have seen. After reading this portraiture, we are better able to comprehend both the greatness and the littleness of his son. The attempt of the elder Mirabeau to bring back the departing age of feudalism was an attempt to achieve the impossible, but his demand for political liberty and his sometimes abominable treatment of his own son become at least explicable when his feudalistic principles and temper are made clear. If the whole work is carried to its completion with the thoroughness of original research and the judicial temper which characterize this first volume, it will constitute a valuable addition to the library of volumes which illustrate the historical development of free institutions.

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[1] Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religion. By Frank Byron Jevons. (The Hartford-Lamson Lectures on the Religions of the World.) The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50, net.

[2] The Wonderful House that Jack Has. By Columbus N. Millard. The Macmillan Company, New York. 50c.

[1] Mirabeau and the French Revolution. By Fred Morrow Fling, Ph.D. Vol. I. The Youth of Mirabeau. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.